12-1952

The Cresset (Vol. XVI, No. 2)

Valparaiso University

DECEMBER 1952

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

VOL. XVI NO. 2

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

THE CRESSET

IN THE DECEMBER CRESSET:

THE CRESSET is published monthly except August by the Valparaiso University Press in cooperation with the Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Editorial office: Valparaiso University. Entered as second class matter November 9, 1940, at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: Domestic—One-year, $3.00; two-year, $5.50; three-year, $8.00. Canadian—Same as domestic if paid in United States funds; if paid in Canadian funds, add 10% for exchange and 15 cents service charge on each check or money order. Foreign—$3.25 per year in United States funds. Single copy, 35 cents.

THE CRESSET

VOLUME 16 DECEMBER 1952 NUMBER 2

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

And Glory Shone Around

WITH his usual genius for seeing the evident truth that escapes most of us, C. S. Lewis pointed out several months ago that we err in thinking that modern man has reverted to paganism. It is not the pagan, with his partial vision of eternal truth, that confronts us, but the post-Christian man upon whom angel faces once smiled, but smile no longer. This man's sin is not the sin of ignorance, but the sin of rejection. He is not a heathen, but an apostate.

A pagan might, indeed, reject the Incarnation story, but his reasons for rejecting it would probably make more sense than do the reasons modern man puts forward. The pagan would not, at least, find it impossible to believe that the Timeless might enter time, that Deity might put on human flesh, that the natural world could burn with a mystery and shine with a glory not native to itself. For his gods were always involving themselves in human affairs and even out on his empty seas he could, now and then, hear Triton blowing his horn.

But modern man has lost touch with both the seen and the unseen world. His god is a kind of magnetic field which may, indeed, play some sort of unknowable role in holding things together but which, beyond that, is of no consequence in individual lives or even in human history. No horns blow over our deeps and no sun-chariots race across our skies. The cosmic machine, starting we know not when and running we know not why throbs onward, we presume, toward extinction. And what the pagans called mysteries we pre-

sume to be as yet undiscovered formulae.

Such a man, so accustomed to drabness and greyness and dullness, has lost his taste for bright colors and high pageantry. How, then, can he understand the coming of a King and the songs of angels in golden skies? One of his own generation wrote more truly than he knew when he said that Christianity is too dramatic to be true. But first we need to establish whether the municipal power plant is any better symbol of the cosmos than is the stage. The God whom we have been taught to call Father might be expected to resemble a playwright more nearly than He would resemble a generator.

The point is that a pagan could reject the theology of the Incarnation and yet be drawn by its utter plausibility. Modern man rejects even the plausibility. He has to. Because the minute he admits that it could happen, the Church is right there to say that it did happen.

Campaign Postscripts

WE ARE ready to join with all other good citizens in closing ranks behind our president-elect. We said early in the campaign that the American people were in the fortunate position, this year, of being unable to elect a poor president and nothing that was said or done during the campaign has made it necessary for us to revise that statement.

But before the campaign of 1952 is relegated to the statistical pages of the *World Almanac,* a few observations are in order and should, we suggest, be thought over between now and 1956:

1. The physical burden of a presidential campaign has gotten to be more than any man over 35 ought to undertake. In an age of mass communication, it ought to be possible for the two parties to agree on a) a shorter campaign; b) strict limitations on travel by the presidential candidates; and c) more effective use of radio, television, newspapers, and magazines. Trial by ordeal makes no more sense today than it did in the Middle Ages.

2. The moral climate of the recent campaign was an abomination before God and men. Significantly it was not the professional politicians or the candidates for office who gave the first impetus to the mud-slinging and character-assassination. It was the people and certain newspapers with their demands for "a good fight" and a "gloves-off campaign." The moral guilt of the politicians lies in their acceding to the immoral demands of the people.

3. The intensive campaign to

get the citizens of the United States out to register and to vote was both a manifestation of the public-spirited concern of many people and groups for the maintenance of our free system and a stinging indictment of that very large percentage of our people who do not care enough for freedom to fulfill even their most elementary duties as citizens. It has been suggested that citizens be offered some financial inducement to vote. A better suggestion would be to disenfranchise those irresponsible citizens who do not vote.

4. The tremendous outlay of money required to elect a man to almost any major office practically demands either that a candidate be personally wealthy or that he accept the support of wealthy individuals or groups. A truly independent candidate of modest means could hardly afford to run for governor, senator, or congressman. Since elections are an essential part of our free system, it would appear to be proper to appropriate public money to candidates for campaign expenses and to forbid or narrowly limit private contributions.

Death of a Salesman

IN ONE of the most intelligent commentaries on Christian education that we have ever read, Dr. Harold Lowry, president of Wooster College, has noted that no good liberal arts college can afford to be without some "character" upon whom students may focus their affection and to whom they can take the problems that they would never dream of taking to a dean or an instructor. If our recollection is correct, Dr. Lowry suggested that the night watchman might be a natural for this role. We attended a high school where the role was played by the janitor of the gymnasium.

All this is just a way of leading up to a few last words about Frank. Frank was one of the janitors on the campus where we teach. In his younger days, he had done some writing and he still fancied himself as somewhat of a writer. It was natural, therefore, that he felt a certain community of interest with the CRESSET staff. Every now and then, he would show us some of his stuff and, while we never had occasion to use any of it, we knew from experience how it was with Frank. For him, as for us, the typewriter was a purgative. Pressures would accumulate inside him and he would sit down at the typewriter. The product might be only five or six lines, but the pressure would be off for a while. Whether the typed sheet ever reached print was altogether secondary. Publication is a problem for editors, publish-

ers, and writers who make their living from writing. Sweeping and dusting took care of Frank's physical needs. The typewriter took care of an altogether different kind of need.

Frank was also an elder in the Seventh Day Adventist church. We didn't know that until we read the announcement of his death. But we knew after our first five minutes of talking to him several years ago that he was a Christian. And so did anybody else who stopped to talk to him. There were some who considered him a "nut on religion" and others who liked "the funny old guy who is always quoting Bible passages." That never bothered Frank. The only pride he ever showed was his evident pride in being one of the "peculiar people."

There isn't much to say about Frank's death. In the most literal sense of the expression, he went out like a light. Our campus community is a little darker and a little colder than it was before.

Problems of the Schools

THE members of our staff, and most of the readers of this magazine, belong to a religious group which maintains its own schools. There might therefore be some disposition among us to suppose that the problems of the public school are not our problems, or at least not our problems to the extent that we are obligated to assume any role of leadership in trying to find a solution to them.

But, of course, the very opposite is true. The health of the educational system, like the health of the political system, is all of one piece. Humanly speaking, we depend upon the liberal and generous sentiments of our predominantly non-Christian fellow citizens to defend our rights to maintain a separate educational system. We depend upon public school history teachers to initiate children into the historical attitude of our people toward conscientious dissenters in our society. We depend upon public school political science teachers to relate such a political principle as freedom of conscience to the institution of the parochial school. And we depend upon the whole public school system to pass on to a new generation the whole complex of ideas and assumptions that make up the free system within which we and other religious groups have enjoyed almost unlimited freedom to witness to our faith.

The public schools today face two grave problems. The first is one of money to pay for good teaching. Teaching salaries, except in a few states, are deplorably in-

adequate. Professional services can never, of course, be fully repaid in money. But the laborer is worthy of his hire at least in the sense that there should be some relation between salary and the value of one's work to those for whom it is done.

The second problem is the problem of space. We read about the school in New York which has been forced to run nine shifts a day to accommodate all of its pupils. We might as well be honest about it. You can run children through a school that way, but you simply cannot teach them. Teaching, in its very nature, must be a leisurely process. There must be time both for ingestion and for digestion.

These two problems are of immediate concern to all of us, whether our children attend public or parochial schools. We derive countless benefits from a society which takes its coloration from the public school. We cannot expect that society to be any better than its schools.

The Perils of Wit

WE HAVE been re-reading some of the writings of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and a second reading only confirms what we had suspected on first reading —that Mr. Shaw was essentially a spoiled brat; talented and, at times, charming, no doubt, but a brat nevertheless.

Of course, Mr. Shaw is dead and in dying he has achieved a dignity which we are bound to respect. But all that really mattered of George Bernard Shaw still lives, in his letters and in his published writings. It is the Shaw who thus remains among us that we want to deal with.

It was Shaw's special genius that he could, with one sharp twist of a phrase, with one verbal shrug of the shoulders, translate any great affirmation into either a heresy or a laughingstock. He had deftness and he had wit. With these (and with comparatively little else) he succeeded in giving ancient absurdities the appearance of fresh discoveries and in withering all of the life out of ancient truths.

But even if this is so, why rattle his lifeless bones in a December long after his death? Only because what he was and what he did on the level of genius remains to plague us among those whom Nature designed along his lines or who have learned to imitate his thought and manner of life. The problem is the problem of irresponsible wit, the problem of the man who is gifted with a sharp wit but lacks the awareness that his gift is a deadly weapon.

Some of us are witty, most of us are not. Those of us who are need to be reminded of the terrible power that we possess. There is no saint who can not, by a well-turned phrase, be made to appear a fraud or a fool. There is no great truth which can not, by witty restatement, be made to sound like a piece of pompous bunk. Not every witticism that occurs to the naturally witty person ought to be spoken (even though there is nothing harder than repressing that perfect squelch or that clever twist of a phrase which lacks nothing except the spirit of charity). Not every fraud or fool ought to be displayed in the market place (for who of us is not usually one, or the other, or both?).

The witty man should write. Spoken words come out too fast and cannot be recalled. The written word can be left to stand for days or weeks or months under the light of charity before it passes beyond the speaker's power of recall. More often than not, one will want to tear them up after the wickedness begins to ooze out of them under that light. The occasional witticism that improves under that light becomes, deservedly, a part of the world's great literature.

Communists in Government

WITH the election now out of the way, it ought to be possible to get to work with a minimum of emotion and a maximum of earnestness at the problem of establishing what employees of the government are disloyal and getting rid of them.

The naive liberal who refuses to classify any political philosophy as evil sets the stage for vicious slander-artists like McCarthy, whose blunderbuss peppering of every object within his field of vision confirms the naive liberal in his defense of evil ideas and evil men. And so the disloyal employee stands safe and untouched inside the ring of reckless accusers and reckless defenders chasing each other round and round in circles.

The people of Wisconsin may be said to have cast a vote of exasperation when they re-elected Joe to the Senate. Many of them admitted that they didn't like his tactics and weren't too sure of his honesty but (and here the note of exasperation would always appear) "he's at least tried to do *some*thing about the Communists in the government!" Evidently many of them thought of him, as Churchill is supposed to have thought of Darlan, as "a Blank—but our Blank." Well, it is still the opinion of this magazine that we don't have to reach down into

the sewer for weapons, but we can understand why many people would be willing to do even that to get shet of these creeping and crawling things that have wormed their way into certain sections of the government.

What we do not want to do is turn the whole country into a posse to round up every man, woman, and child who happens to hold unusual opinions. We are not looking primarily for people who hold a number of ideas derived from the writings of a man named Karl Marx or for people who think that the American form of government is a lot of rubbish and ought to be replaced. These people have a perfect right to think as they do and to organize political parties, if they wish, to try to sell their ideas to the rest of us. We are looking for traitors, for men and women who, if they are consistent with their own announced purposes, would violently overthrow the present order and would make this country a dependency of another power. These people, within the fortunate limitations of their situation, are levying war against the United States. They should, at least, not be permitted to do so at public expense.

Community Chest

WE NOTICE that more and more large cities are adopting the idea of one big drive for funds to support the various charitable activities of the community and, from the single standpoint of efficiency, we agree that this is the best way to go about it. But the Christian, or even the moral person who is not a Christian, must interpose a warning, not only for his own sake but for the sake of the moral health of the community and for the sake of the future of private beneficence.

A given quantity of money will buy a given quantity of potatoes or clothing or cancer research or what-have-you, no matter where the money came from or why it was given. But real charity, or beneficence, or philanthropy should benefit the giver as much as it benefits the receiver. The benefits which the giver should derive from it are moral or ethical benefits: the opportunity to see and recognize human suffering, human want, human fear, and to choose between doing something about it or passing by on the other side.

Where what a believing generation called charity degenerates to mere social insurance or to hush-money paid to a blackmailing conscience, a community's moral health is endangered and, ulti-

mately, the wellsprings of future beneficence are dried up. From taking baskets to people whose needs arouse our sympathy or our sense of justice, we descend to writing checks to organizations which will take the baskets for us. The next step is to write only one check and let some super-organization apportion it to the various agencies that take the baskets. And before long we are content to have our "gift" added to the tax bill and let the government do our "works of love" for us.

Perhaps it is more efficient, in a way, to call upon trained people to help those who need help. But there is no way of paying anyone else to do our loving or our sympathizing for us. And we need constant practice in loving and in showing sympathy. The farther removed we are from the recipients of our gifts, the less likely we are to be performing a moral or ethical act in giving and the more likely we are to be giving for some unworthy reason. And where the reason for giving is an unworthy one, the gift itself is worthless in the eyes of God. For not every one who gives a child a glass of water to drink is blessed. The blessing belongs to those who see the Child of Bethlehem in the thirsty child.

This is not meant to discredit or to discourage the efforts of those who are directing community fund or Red Feather drives. It is better that suffering be relieved for unworthy reasons, or for no reason, than that it not be relieved at all. But we who can afford to give are ourselves in need of giving well. We need to see the flesh-and-blood persons through whom our Lord asks us for a share of what He has given us.

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Dear Son:

One day, many years from now, you will, I am quite sure, sit down before a blank piece of paper with a pen in your hand wondering when and how the words which must now be written will appear. . . . You will learn that they seldom come at one's casual bidding. . . . At times, it is true, they will flow and tumble like a mountain stream; but more often they will remain locked and silent, under the ice of our bewildered hearts and stammering minds . . . . They are strange and wayward things. . . .

I mention this to you now since it always happens to me when I want to write you a letter for Christmas. . . . Last night when we carried in some logs for the first fire of the winter and the wind blew sharp and cold from the North I had no trouble with my words. . . . We talked, you will remember, about your football playing, about Mark's birthday, about the leaves falling like rain from the elms, about the coming of Christmas again, the first for Stephen and the ninth for you. . . . But this morning somehow the words come slowly. . . . Perhaps one reason is that something so great and holy as Christmas should not be put into quick and careless words, easily spoken and soon forgotten. . . . When the angel far from home began to speak in the midnight silence: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior" there were more than four thousand years of divine meditation and compassion behind his simple speech. . . . It had been preparing ever since dusk came over Eden and God was walking under the trees and a man and woman were hiding, lonely and ashamed, in a corner of the garden. . . . So many years and such great compassion had gone into the words of the angel, the first description of the meaning of Christmas, that any-

one else who says anything about it should say it softly and reverently—as if one were afraid to wake the Child on Christmas Eve. . . .

A few years ago I read somewhere that in certain European villages a small boy, about as old as you are now, is chosen to deliver the sermon on Christmas Eve. . . . Perhaps there is an echo of that custom in your recitation in church and the reading of the Christmas Gospel by one of the children. . . . This is the night beyond all others when children should be heard. . . . Christmas, with all its age and all its depth, with its meeting of history and eternity, is still—and how strange this is—most clearly and warmly understood by those who are closest to the Child in years and understanding. . . . Sometimes we who are much older come close to that beatitude but more often it eludes us, choked and buried under the weight of the years. . . . We honor the past more than we live the present; we feel more the homesickness for other Christmases than the presence of *this* Christmas. . . . If you will read my letters of other years you will see how often I turned back to the Christmases in New York when all of us were together and life was young and Christmas was now. . . . A little of that, my son, you must let me keep each Christmas Eve—the vigil for the past, the remembrance—and, by God's pity, the return—of the great simplicity and joy of a Christmas that is really happening now. . . . This is at least part of what the Child become Man meant when He said: "Except ye become as little children." . . . Christmas is still yours and it can become mine only if you will take me by the hand and show me how to stand, small and forgiven and happy, before the Manger. . . .

Do you remember that almost every year I write you about the legend of the oxen and the sheep and the donkeys who kneel before their God on Christmas Eve, but only when nobody can see them? . . . A few months ago I was reading something about a man of the last century who did not believe in Christmas but always had a lingering wish to return to it. . . . His name was Thomas Hardy and he wrote a little poem about the oxen who remember the Child at midnight:

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve
"Come; see the oxen kneel,

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom
Hoping it might be so.

"I should go with him in the gloom." . . . This is the way so

many people will come to Christmas again this year . . . afraid, alone in the gloom of time and sin, hoping that this may be at last the hour of pity and grace. . . . And if they will only go, out of the dark wilderness of their fear, they may understand what another man found there:

For untold years the stars had mourned
Lucifer's loss to the fold;
They trembled chill and brittle blue,
They shivered crystal-cold.
But on the night the Child was born
They burned in the sky like gold,
For a little star had stayed its course
To stand and cry: "Behold!"

The patient ass has welts and weals
Scarring his soft-dun hide;
The big dumb ox is numb from blows
That showered back and side.
But the one pricks up preposterous ears
And the other broad horns in pride
For their offer of shelter for a Birth—
Their stable—was not denied.

It is humble shepherds, not fine kings,
Who first to the stable run;
And calloused carpenter hands caress
The Child called carpenter's son.
Through a lowly Maid of a much-scorned race
The age-old ill is undone . . .
And star, and brute, and man adore
The long-desired One.

A few minutes ago I carried Stephen into the room to hear "Silent Night" for the first time in his life. . . . Was it only imagination or did I really see a little smile of recognition and understanding . . . as if this were music that comes with special sweetness to him who is still so close to the new grace of baptism . . . or even as if the simple melody were the echo of another world from which Christmas is a single rift of light along our darkness . . . seen most clearly by eyes that have not yet looked out on the world without Christmas . . . the evil of the earth, the sorrow of life, the hardship of toil, love often a mockery and labor a grief, all the good known only in the loss of the good, and joy in the deprivation of joy. . . . These Stephen does not know and "Silent Night" may therefore come to him with singular purity and grace. . . .

And so it must come to all of us, please God, this Christmas Eve . . . to you and to me standing outside the stable trying hard to look in. . . . "Silent Night, Holy Night." . . . As you grow older, you will slowly learn that silence was not only a part of Christmas night but that most of the momentous hours in human history have begun in silence. . . . Most of the world of creation serves its Creator in silence; when it becomes vocal as in the thunder and the wind over Sinai, its tones are full of power and majesty. . . .

Silence is the mark of humility. . . . And so the world was at silent

midnight when He was born. . . . He (and here I begin to stammer again), the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Son of God, the Eternal Word made flesh. . . . This was His humility and humiliation . . . the crudeness of the cave under the floor of the world, poverty's swaddling clothes, this vagabond birth and the long prospect of nothing better than a few lonely years and a gaunt Cross against a spring sky. . . . This was why the Baby came and there was every reason for the world's silence . . . just as you and I must now come quietly this Christmas Eve to see it again . . . and to stand in silence with the star and the oxen and a wondering world. . . .

"Holy night." . . . You should know more about this now than you could know when I first showed you the Child asleep in the manger under the tree. . . . He was and is the Holy One and He came to give us the power to be holy in one small and halting way . . . to love men as He loved them . . . not to sleep in Gethsemane nor to flee from Calvary . . . but to be good, as good as ever we can be, beyond doubt and fear, coming close to the manger to hear the Christmas bells of the angels and the great flowing river of this joy. . . .

And that's about all I want to say to you this year. . . . In a few more weeks we shall come again to all the loveliness which we call Christmas . . . the carols and the snow, and the students singing in the cold before our house . . . the music and the lights, and Stephen looking on in wide-eyed wonder . . . the shepherds and the kings, and you and I walking with them toward the Eternal Light. . . . It will be good to have all that again by the grace of the Child who loved us so much that He would not live in heaven without us. . . .

The Incarnation of the Word

A Christmas Garland of Reflections Upon the Nativity of Our Lord As It Is Set Forth in the Gospel According to Saint John.

THE Christian hope is ultimately founded not upon some deep human insight or upon some great and noble philosophical rationale of the divine-human encounter, but upon a set of historical facts which were seen and reported by men who had attained a very considerable degree of success in one of the most "practical" of human occupations, the fishing industry. These men had nothing to gain but persecution and death in asserting that the Teacher of Galilee was God Incarnate. Indeed, all of the evidence we have indicates that this belief was not a belief willingly embraced but a conviction slowly and relentlessly forced upon them by all that they had seen and heard of Jesus.

The modern critic, far removed in time from our Lord's visible ministry and secure against any worse fate than that of being misquoted in a footnote, may safely spin theory after theory to explain away the judgments of men who knew Jesus as a man knows his friend and who, many of them only reluctantly, had at last to confess Him as Lord and God. Whether the modern critic would be willing to follow his judgment to the arena and the headsman's block and the cross is another question. Nor, for that matter, does the willingness to die for a belief constitute, in itself, validation of the belief. It does, at least, confirm the depth and sincerity of the belief.

No man knew Jesus better than did the beloved disciple, Saint John. It is a good thing to listen again to what he has to say about the Man who was both his friend and his God. The CRESSET Associates, therefore, return to Saint John's gospel to try once more, as men have tried so often, to read the significance of one of the great statements of Christian doctrine: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth." This was what Christmas meant to Saint John. In this year of confused thought and ignoble fear, Christmas may mean a great deal less than that to many people. But it could not mean more than that.

May the Incarnate Word speak peace to all who have loved His appearing.

And the Word Was Made Flesh . . .

THERE will be millions in all the churches of Christendom this Christmas Day who will hear the words: "And the Word was made flesh"; there will be only a few who will shiver over their mystery and power, their compassion and grace. Here in six monosyllables is the ultimate mystery of time and history, the invasion of God into the human, the only link between heaven and earth.

Not in Jerusalem, the holy city, not in Athens, the center of classical culture, not in Rome, the heart of political power, did the divine Word assume human form, but on the edge of a little village in Palestine among the lowliest of the creatures of the Word. Heaven can never be measured by the standards of earth. When the time came the imperial robe of the divine Majesty in heaven was not changed for riches and power on earth. The change was complete—and perfect. The rags of flesh and blood, the rough texture of body and soul, the tiny linen of a baby, the misunderstanding and hatred of men, the ignominy of the Cross—these became the garments of His humility. So the Word became flesh! So He entered into our loneliness, stooped under our burdens and became the Eternal Contemporary of men as they now walk between the eternities.

To this night at Bethlehem all the years had pointed and the centuries had borne witness. The Child in the manger was both beginning and end; the end of all the years of prophets and prophesying; the beginning of the centuries of evangelists and evangel-

izing. For this was now—since the whimper of the Word made flesh at Bethlehem—the heart of the world's history and the hope of the world's heart. The mystics and saints and preachers would demand and promise and the storms of divine anger and divine peace would rage; but their theme would always be Bethlehem and a manger and the song of a commissioned angel: "Unto you is born a Savior!" The Word was made flesh! The world has been dark these many years and Christmas is far away. There are many things our lonely hearts ought to say to the Word in the manger this Christmas at high noon of the twentieth century. I have been wondering whether a prayer written by a man in physical darkness might not be on the lips of all of us who are so spiritually blind to the true glory of Christmas in these years of winnowing and harvesting. It was written by Alfred Noyes and will surely be heard by the Word who knows what humility is. So—a prayer for Christmas Eve:

Thou who never canst err, for Thyself art the Way;
Thou whose infinite kingdom is flooded with day;
Thou whose eyes behold all, for Thyself art the Light,
Look down on us gently who journey by night.

By the pity revealed in Thy loneliest hour,
Forsaken, self-bound and self-emptied of power;
Thou who, even in death, hadst all heaven in sight,
Look down on us gently who journey by night.

On the road to Emmaus, they thought Thou wast dead,
Yet they saw Thee and knew in the breaking of bread.
Though the day was far spent, in Thy face there was light,
Look down on us gently who journey by night.

And Dwelt Among Us

THE Word condescended to become flesh. But what if that Word had disappeared soon after it assumed the form of an infant? What if it had returned to heaven with the chorus of angels who sang the *Gloria in Excelsis*? What if that Word had lived the life of a hermit in complete detachment from the affairs of human beings?

Praise be to God, this did not happen. "The Word . . . dwelt among us." So the inspired writer informs his readers in an outburst of awe and amazement, of joy and exultation. That terse statement of fact defies the logic of reason and the data of sense experience. It reduces to foolishness the wisdom of the wise. It

confounds every secular philosophy of history. Yet it is unalterably and everlastingly true.

The Word which became flesh deigned to dwell among men. These men were altogether human and altogether sinfully human. With them that Word ate and drank, prayed and worked. He saw them casting out their nets for a catch of fish. He saw them sow the seed, prune the vines, shepherd the flocks, buy and sell, marry and be given in marriage. He noted their simple joys and their heart-breaking sorrows. He observed their children on the market-place playing wedding and funeral. He knew of the travail of a woman about to give birth to a child and of her joy when the child was born. He met people who suffered from disgusting diseases and social stigmas. He touched the icy hands of a corpse.

But that Word which became flesh never remained detached from the experiences of those among whom He dwelt. Though there were occasions when He maintained silence, He never suspended judgment. He always participated. He spent His life helping people. He blessed little children. He soothed the hearts of those who sorrowed. He revealed to His own the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. He taught them how and for what to pray. He thundered words of wrath on those who refused to believe. He broke forth in tears at the thought of the death of Lazarus and at the fate of Jerusalem. He healed every manner of disease. He raised the dead. He died the death of a criminal—for others. He gave His life as the price of man's total redemption from the law, from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil. All that, and more, is included in the terse statement "The Word . . . dwelt among us."

What is that "more"? Martin Luther supplies the true answer. He writes: "Mary gave birth not only to a true human son but also to the Son of God. When she looked into the eyes of her son, she looked into the eyes of the Son of God. Our vision never reaches out far enough to behold the deity. Yet we see the deity in the Word which became flesh. It is as though I see a man hidden inside the clothing he is wearing. I see only the clothing, yet the man is truly present. If I give someone a purse containing gold coins, he sees only the purse. Yet the coins are truly present in the purse. When the Jews crucified Jesus, they crucified the Son of God. The two natures, the divine and the human, are inseparably united in the Word which became flesh. He who is the Son of God and became flesh, dwelt among men. Therefore say to yourself:

Behold, God's Son lies in the manger, draws milk from His mother's breast, lies in bed, fetches the axe for His father and wood, fish, cheese and bread for His mother. When John leaned on the Master's bosom, he leaned on the bosom of God. When he and the other disciples heard the Master's voice, they heard the voice of God."

The Word which became flesh dwells among Christians living in 1952. His dwelling is the Christian Church. That Church are those who are baptized, who believe in Jesus Christ, and who love and worship Him. He speaks to them in the writings of His apostles. He speaks to them through Christian pastors when they proclaim the word of the apostles. Therefore Christians hear Him speak in our day. They see Him baptize and forgive sins. His presence among them is even more obvious than was His presence among His first followers. He now converts more people and raises more people from death to life. He performs greater works. He dwells among men in all parts of the world. For where there are Christians, there is Christ. Where Christ dwells, there is eternal life, peace, joy, hope and love. Where Christ dwells, there is God. Where God dwells, there is heaven.

We Beheld His Glory

SEEING is believing, people like to say, and they refuse to believe anything they cannot see. The Word was made flesh because that is the way people operate, so that though seeing may not be believing, still, by the grace of Christmas, believing can become seeing.

But what is there to see? No Koran fluttering down out of heaven, complete with commas and chapter divisions; no flash of lightning in the sky, spelling out the will and glory of God in fiery letters a mile high; no magic and no wisdom.

Instead, there is a Child for all the world like any child, destined to grow up among the children of men and to call Himself "the Son of Man." Not the form of the Lord, but the form of a servant, there for all men to see and to believe.

And so the eyes and ears of nature are not enough. We are not to await a word spoken from on high, not to attune our ears to the singing of the heavenly spheres. Right here, in the Chosen and Anointed Child, we can hear the voice of God and behold the glory of God. If you would see God, then begin where He began, and see in this Child, wrapped in swaddling clothes, the coming of the Glory.

Blessed is such beholding, for in the hours of darkness it sees the glory of God shining through. "Blessed are your eyes," the Child said in later years, "for they see; for verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them."

The beatific vision for which the saints and the mystics of the religions of the East had longed and striven has now, in the Child, become available to the smallest and the least, who behold His glory and know that in their flesh they shall see God. Like Saint Stephen in his martyrdom, they can see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God, and fix their gaze upon Him.

All of this we can behold in the Word-made-flesh. Our eyes, which have strained to glimpse the stars and grasp their mystery, which have blinked at the sun and been blinded by its light, can peek now into the softer light of the Bethlehem stable and in its shadows can behold the very glory of God.

But to behold it, we must cast aside the bifocals of our corrupted selves and remove the cataracts of the world. Only those who have been cured of spiritual myopia can behold the glory of the Child. Only those whose souls and eyes have been cleansed can look to Him and be saved. As Moses lifted the serpent in the wilderness so that all who beheld might live, so the Child was born to be lifted up on the Cross, that in this sight men might perceive the condescending glory of God.

Thus cleansed and purified, we step to the manger and behold. By the gift of Christmas, there is fulfilled in us one of the Child's most precious words: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

The Glory As of the Only-Begotten

THE paradox of the Christian religion is nowhere more evident than in the nativity of our Lord. "Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see: hail the incarnate Deity!" We have sung those words often, perhaps glibly, unthinkingly, not stopping to realize that they encompass the miracle of the ages, the blending of eternity and time, the coalition of human and divine. St. John adverts to the same transcendent paradox when he writes of "the glory of the only-begotten of the Father."

The important thing about Christmas is not its sentimental value. It is not simply an occasion to idealize the mother-child rela-

tionship: not merely a time for the expression of generosity and good will and the exchange of gifts; not just a holiday for joy and merrymaking and family reunions. The vital fact about Christmas is that on this day God entered history. On this day He opened the heavens and reached down to grasp our hand and pull us out of the morass of sin into which we had sunk and to set our feet upon the solid rock of salvation.

And He accomplished this through the person and work of His Son, for only He could at once express God's love and satisfy God's just demands. And on Christmas we behold this Son in His glory—"the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father."

Christmas is the festival of love —not the maudlin kind of love into which it has often been degraded, but the love of God to man: the pure, divine, self-giving love that prompted Him to send His only-begotten Son to be the Savior of the lost, unworthy sons of men, and to make us His own to eternity. And in this gift His glory was revealed.

The love which God displayed to mankind in the giving of His Son on Christmas, and which He has poured out upon us all in such abundant measure, must be reflected also in the lives of His followers. The Christian religion is not one of forms and regulations. God is not pleased with the repetition of certain formulas, the mouthing of routine prayers, the observance of the merely outward amenities of religion.

To belong to His kingdom, the kingdom of His love, we too must love—love Him who first loved us, and then also love those whom He has come to redeem. That means mission work, that means Christian charity, that means bearing one another's burdens, that means reducing Christianity to the terms of practical, daily living. That means infusing life into the Church and making it truly the mystical body of Christ.

This is the great and abiding truth of Christmas that neither time nor circumstance can alter or diminish: God was manifest in the flesh. He beheld our need and became our brother. And thus, the Christian—and only the Christian —can be happy and safe and calm this Christmas, amid all the war and the woe of our distressful world. For only the Christian can see the glory—the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father.

Full of Grace and Truth

A MATTER of sentence structure is involved here. Take out the parenthetical reference to our Lord's glory and the main statement reads: "The Word was

made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth." He dwells among us in His grace and in His truth, His grace covering our sins and His truth enlightening our minds.

Thus we are set free. Our restoration includes the grace by which we are restored to man's intended relation to God. But it includes also the truth which illumines our minds and restores us to our intended relation to each other and to the world of phenomena. This is not to say, of course, that conversion confers intellectual infallibility. The redeemed soul is simultaneously just and sinful. The redeemed mind is simultaneously enlightened and darkened.

But truth is the companion of grace, and wherever grace goes, truth follows. The redeemed soul knows some absolute truths absolutely. He may have ten thousand cockeyed ideas kicking around in his mind but the few grains of pure golden truth that fell upon his mind when grace entered his heart are as pure and as changeless as are the golden truths which have fallen upon the greatest and wisest mind. And He who gave the grains is ready to give the large nuggets, whenever we are ready to receive them.

This we must understand about the Holy Child: He did not come to tidy us up here and there but to re-create us. The loss of Paradise was the loss of everything. The restoration of Paradise is the restoration of all things. God was incarnate to save our souls, to refashion our intellects, to redirect our emotions, to reorient our intuitions, and to revitalize our bodies. The Child came as undoer and as re-doer. Grace to cover our sin and truth to correct our errors —these were the presents He brought with Him on the first Christmas night.

By grace, therefore, we are now permitted to eat of the tree of life. By truth, we are permitted to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Thus redeemed man actually wins greater blessings than Adam himself had known in the days of his innocence. The prodigal is received with greater affection than the son who had never left home will ever enjoy. How then could any Christmas be less than merry, any New Year less than perfectly happy?

The Return of the RACHEL:

A Critique of Melville's MOBY-DICK

By KENNETH HEINITZ

On the second day, a sail drew near, nearer, and picked me up at last. It was the devious-cruising Rachel, that in her retracing search after her missing children, only found another orphan.

ISHMAEL remained as the only survivor of the *Pequod* after the vain attempt by Captain Ahab to plant his harpoon in the life-center of the great white whale. In this dramatic struggle with Moby-Dick, both men are vital centers of thought. What allegorical and symbolical intent Melville had when he wrote the novel he did not say. As the author, he spoke through Ishmael and Ahab, yet without identifying himself with either one. Interpretations of Melville through the novel and interpretations of the novel itself are varied as critics and readers seize upon one of the several emphases.

This critique is to clarify the relation of the ship *Rachel* to the rest of the story. The *Rachel* carries with it certain symbolical implications that have been frequently neglected in interpretations and criticisms of *Moby-Dick*. In the chapter, "The Pequod Meets the Rachel," the symbolic meaning suggests Jacob's wife Rachel crying in the wilderness because her sons are not (Jer. 31:15). The continuation of this symbolism in the epilogue would include a more positive recognition of the influence of Christianity on Melville than some critics would admit, namely, that Ishmael's rescue by the *Rachel* symbolically is Christian brotherly love effecting its universal significance in answer to Melville's problem.

Questions Involved

THERE are several questions that have to be answered in the symbolical clarification of the *Rachel* in its relation to the total

novel. One question is Melville himself; does Melville's own thought include the possibility of the Christian symbolism in Ishmael's rescue by the *Rachel*? There is the problem of the extent of Melville's Christianity. There is no evidence to prove that Melville had ever completely accepted Christ by definition. At the same time, there is little doubt about Melville's sympathy with the Christian's brotherly love. Another question to be considered is the focal point of the theme: man's attempt to penetrate the unfathomable mysteries of life and to reach ultimate truth. Does the theme center chiefly about Ahab, or does it center about Ahab and Ishmael, the latter beneficially experiencing, in part, the symbolic adventure of Ahab? A final question is the importance of the epilogue in the novel. Is the epilogue an essential in the symbolic whole? The importance of the epilogue in any novel is usually relative; often its purpose may be questioned. One function, perhaps the chief function, is to bridge the gap between the imagined reality of fiction and the reality of the perceptual world. Another function of the epilogue, a mechanical one and strictly speaking an unnecessary one, is to give untold and minor answers to the problems not given or solved in the novel proper. The justification of the inclusion of the epilogue in the interpretation of the total novel would depend upon the continuation of the symbolic, or even non-symbolic, structure and also upon the release of any dramatic tension not fully released in the novel proper.

Christianity for Melville

AT THE time of writing *Moby-Dick,* Melville's attitude toward Christianity was one of confusion. His awareness of the force of Christianity subjectively and objectively is quite apparent in the preceding novels in which he expresses a mounting opposition to Christianity. Because of the double predestination of a loving and a wrathful God, a Calvinist could objectively reconcile the evil in a supposedly divine-created universe with a sovereign God. What stopped Melville was the centering of this problem within himself, and then from himself to others. At heart Melville was democratically sociable, and his interest in truth would not sanction a division of the religious and the metaphysical. His lack of patience with New England Puritanism sponsored a critical observation of man *per se,* comparable to Hawthorne, and of God in His universal relation to man. The crux of the matter was the rigidity of evil.

Christianity did not answer his problems. Melville had to search higher, perhaps lower, to grasp the

impenetrable phantom of life. He was painfully aware of the elusiveness of this search. Melville knew that in some way God was connected with the object of this search for truth. His difficulty was the approach. The Calvinistic background was uncomfortable. In a letter to Hawthorne (June, 1851), Melville wrote, "The reason the mass of men fear God, and at *bottom dislike* Him, is because they rather distrust His heart, and fancy Him all brain like a watch."

Melville considered Jesus rather effeminate for a man's world, where evil lurked, sometimes in the open. At the time of writing *Moby-Dick,* he had not identified Jesus with the Christ; what Melville knew of Christ was shrouded by the man Jesus and His teachings. Melville disliked the submissive element which he regarded as characteristic of Jesus and His teaching. The South Sea travels and the years as a sailor had revealed too much to Melville for him to acquiesce to a philosophy of submission. Man was made of nobler stuff. Brotherly love solved many ills of mankind, but yet it was a love of respect for the fellowman, an admiration and common bond between strong and self-willed men who had a spark of divinity in them.

This element of confidence in man provided the spring-board for Melville to leap into the realm of the mysterious. The bitterness that he found in this search was blamed on God. Even man was frequently isolated as an object of reproach. The Christian church, which failed to provide fruit for his energetic mind, was a sore disillusionment. The weaknesses of the church were apparent, and the ill methods of the missionaries *(Omoo)* only heightened his aversion for organized Christianity. As Melville later revealed in *Clarel,* he believed that the followers of Christ had perverted His basic teachings.

The years from about 1847 to 1852 were a transitional stage for Melville. When he wrote *Mardi* (publ. 1849) he doubted God's goodness and despaired over the nature of man. Although he could still attribute wisdom and beauty to the principles of Christ, he had failed to respond to them. *Mardi* was a necessary step to the writing of *Moby-Dick,* and it is from the time of the publication of *Moby-Dick* (1851) that the developments to the writing of Clarel can be traced. Writing *Moby-Dick* was a turning point for Melville intellectually. At this time, although he did not believe in the New Testament definition of Christ, he was not opposed to it and in his own way tried to understand Christ.

There is a strange relation

between *Moby-Dick* and *Pierre* (publ. 1852) which has little if anything to do with the interpretation of each but is important for the analysis of Melville's thinking at that time. Both novels were a catharsis for him. Issues that were brewing during the previous years provided a momentum that could only be satisfied by a purging of the intellect as well as the emotions. It seems as if Melville was subject to a degree of catharsis while writing *Moby-Dick,* and the thorough development of Ahab and his problem provided a release in its culmination that gave Melville through Ishmael a continuation of thought and spirit which was a relief from the preceding intellectual tension. The emotional counterpart followed in *Pierre.* The predominance of the intellectual over the emotional in *Moby-Dick,* and of the emotional over the intellectual in *Pierre* is rather obvious. This observation of *Moby-Dick* and *Pierre* does not overlook or disregard the political, metaphysical, and social aspects of *Mardi, Moby-Dick,* and *Pierre,* respectively. This catharsis was an excruciating weakening of his literary and perhaps mental prowess, as after he had written these two books his pen lost its force. The bitterness that he had and the hurt of disillusionment had lost their voice.

Throughout his life, Melville found it difficult to distinguish between God and fate. The powers of darkness were not flexible enough for a rational or spiritual explanation. His classic illustration of fate in *Moby-Dick,* Queequeg and Ishmael weaving with sword and hand "as if this were the Loom of Time," was not modified. Melville did not doubt the existence of some supernatural being or of some predetermining cause. Speaking of the human soul, Pierre says, "For surely no mere mortal who has at all gone down into himself will ever pretend that his slightest thought or act solely originates in his own defined identity." Ishmael said, "All men are enveloped in whale lines." This confused thinking about God and fate led Melville to tolerate the idea of the irresponsibility of God, and at times he expressed his anger in vehemence and sarcasm. Ahab exploded against God for having no pity on Pip, but for subjecting him to the horrors of the sea. In *Pierre,* Melville says, *"Nemo contra Deum nisi Deus ipse."* (No one opposes God except God Himself.)

The lack of distinction between God and fate and the resulting confusion was associated with Melville's space-time consciousness. His historical consciousness was a vital issue in his thinking of the universe and of man. In *Mardi,*

Melville showed his sympathy and intimacy with space and time. Babbalanja says,

> Do you believe that you lived three thousand years ago? That you were at the taking of Tyre, were overwhelmed at Gomorrah? No. But for me, I was at the subsiding of the Deluge, and helped swab the ground, and build the first house. With the Israelites, I fainted in the wilderness . .

Charles Olson, who in his book, *Call Me Ishmael,* has occasional penetrating insights, states that the Pacific for Melville was an experience of space that gave him the sense of immensity: "She is *Heart Sea,* twin and rival of the *Heart Land.*" Melville's "comprehension of *Past* (was) his marriage of spirit to source." In this throbbing space with an active remembrance of things past, Melville tried to locate the main-spring of the universe. There was a grasping of the concrete to provide a basis for his search for what ultimately gave life and meaning to the subjects of the universe.

It was in the realm of this space-time consciousness of Melville that he stumbled and was caught by the paradoxial timelessness of the historical Christ. Up to the time of his Holy Land journey, Melville's Calvinistic conception of a sovereign God was not changed, and it was the harshness of the Sovereign that made it difficult for him to see the gentle Christ as the same God. It seems that much of Melville's thinking about Christ was kept separate from his thinking about the sovereign God, as it was not easy to fit Christ and His love into the same picture with the Sovereign. He thought Christ's principles to be too impractical, perhaps too flimsy, to withstand the unyielding force of the wrathful God. Melville's obsession with fate meanwhile encouraged his attempt to identify rationally the omnipotent God in the cosmic whole. The fearful sublimity of such a Force, in spite of his reason, however, loosed the strands of his cosmos, and when Melville went to Jerusalem from Egypt, Christ shattered his heretofore space-time consciousness. Olson says,

> It is LAST ACT. When Melville went from the Pyramids to Jerusalem he lost all he had gained. The power so to describe the Pyramids leaves him, as did the power to do Moby-Dick, prey to Christ. He had observed in Egypt that the Sphinx has its "back to desert and face to verdure." Melville reversed his Sphinx. He thought he faced verdure in Christ. It turned out to be desert.

The tragic flaw for Melville was he stopped with 33 A.D. His own fear of death had led him this far on his journey. But to connect

the historicity of Christ with the nineteenth century and his own immortality was too much for him. For some reason, Melville could not turn Christ into someone he could love.

This was Melville's struggle with Christ. He had never relinquished his belief in fate, with which God was still indistinguishable. But God and fate receded into the background, although still inimically present. In *Billy Budd,* written just before his death, Melville approached the problem of good and evil more calmly than ever before and, as he wrote, "to meet that tragedy bravely was to find peace, the ultimate peace of resignation, even in an incongruous world."

Ahab and Ishmael

AHAB was the promethean butt of Melville's wrath. In the whale story Ahab is man, man trying to bring God down to a level on which he can have a hand-to-hand combat to determine if what is not known is. Ahab also wanted vengeance to expiate the evil he suffered by the hands of fate. His problem was universal, and to solve this problem he chased a monstrous white whale for a fatal encounter. The irony of the event is the whale tried to evade Ahab's searching quest for him, and it was not until Ahab insistently pursued the whale into a death-to-death situation that the latter squared away and met his monomaniacal foe.

After the whale had relieved Ahab of his leg, Ahab determinedly sought vengeance. What at first was a conflict between man and whale assumed symbolic proportions. His hurt pride became symbolical for the hate that all mankind felt against the tyrannical position in which humanity was embedded. Ahab came to grips with himself and found that he was wanting. What hints there were that his problem was in himself were transferred to the hump of the white whale. His helplessness encouraged this transfer. Common disaster a man could take and file away as an ugly facet of life, but to be the victim of an unscrupulous, unknown principal twisted the soul of a "mighty pageant creature." Appeasement was not for a self-willed man, but vengeance; "I'd strike the sun if it insulted me."

Starbuck was the only positive support that Ahab recognized. He is the one who drew from Ahab that touch of humanity that Pip also cultivated. Looking into Starbuck's eye, Ahab exclaimed, "This is the magic glass, man; I see my wife and my child in thine eye." But this is the same Starbuck to whom Ahab also cried, "There is one God that is Lord over the

earth, and one Captain that is lord over the Pequod."

It remained for Pip, however, to give Ahab the jolt of humanity's clinging sympathy. Ahab and Pip were victims of the same forces, Ahab by his own will and Pip in all innocence. This innocent suffering of Pip summoned what pity Ahab had left in him. The bond between Ahab and Pip was the common knowledge of man's hopelessness. The substance of this knowledge was that good and evil are equal forces, but that evil has a more direct bearing on man. Pip could tolerate this knowledge because as far as he was concerned Pip had drowned. This was Pip's dominance over Ahab. But Ahab's course was lain with iron rails. His wrath was no longer a lashing fury that dashed everything in its wake, but had become the slow, tortuous burning of a self-asserted end. Ahab could not change, in spite of Pip's remorseful attachment.

Ishmael is the one sustaining technical and symbolical force in the total novel. What Ishmael represents and what he reveals of Ahab's tragedy, along with his own interpretation, is the symbolic whole. His role as an actor decreases as Ahab and his tragedy, the chief plot from which the theme derives its dignity, develops. Ishmael is no more important to Ahab than the cook who prepared Stubb's whale steak. Among the crew members, Ishmael is accepted; it is his sponsorship of Queequeg that gives Ishmael his chief role as an actor in the story. Because of Ishmael the observer, he remains above the action taking place, although he is still a part of it.

Ishmael himself was quite aware of fate's hand in world affairs. Reflecting on why it was that "those stage managers, the Fates," put him down for a whaling voyage, he was not certain, but recalling the circumstances he began to see that he was cajoled into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from his "own unbiased freewill." However, he did not succumb to a pessimistic view of life or to the bitterness of a victim of malignant forces. He saw life in its totality, and in this universe there was still some good. When Ishmael went to sea, it was because land and people had crowded him into the restlessness of an enshrouded individual. He needed the openness of the air and the sea and their meditation to regain his stable composure. When Ishmael discovered that Queequeg the pagan was a "human being just as I am," he found his true self and overcame his cynical air toward society. This same response of Ahab to Pip came much too late for Ahab. Ishmael's friendship with Queequeg devel-

oped the former's latent philosophy of brotherly love. Ishmael began to realize the universal scope of a mutual friendship as binding as his and Queequeg's.

Just what the true significance of this brotherly love was Ishmael did not know. He only saw it as an antidote to the cruel tricks that fate at times played on man, but the results were sufficiently gratifying for him. There was no creed for Ishmael; in fact, his friendship with Queequeg transcended all creeds. Ishmael introduced Queequeg to Bildad and Peleg as a "born member of the First Congregational Church . . . of this whole worshipping world."

The height of Ishmael's enthusiasm for this brotherly love came in the chapter, "A Squeeze of the Hand." Occasionally mistaking his co-laborers' hands for the gentle globules of ambergris, he experienced an overwhelming emotion of friendship. The superfluity of this emotion was solidified into a more sober observation, however.

> Would that I could keep squeezing that sperm for ever! For now since by many prolonged, repeated experiences, I have perceived that in all cases man must eventually lower, or at least shift, his conceit of attainable felicity; not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy; but in the wife, the heart, the bed, the table, the saddle, the fire-side, the country.

Ishmael believed that "in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life." He realized the necessity of clinging to that "insular Tahiti," for he continued, "God keep thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return!"

Ishmael watched Ahab depart into the horrors of the half known life never to return. He seemed to realize that the probings of Ahab's dark soundings were prompted by an inner evil necessity. The persuasion of the crew to follow after the white whale, the nailing of the doubloon to the mast, the burning corposants, and Ahab's proud boasting when he fixed the compass revealed to Ishmael that Ahab was destined for some heroic tragedy. Ishmael basically remained aloof from Ahab's problem, but beneficially learned from Ahab's vile death that man even in his smallness, subject to fate, could live. And what powers mankind could wage war against were beyond the scope of man's feeble reach. Ishmael saw in Ahab the moral of Father Mapple's sermon reversed; "if we obey God, we must disobey ourselves; and it is in this disobeying ourselves, wherein the hardness of obeying God consists."

There is more to *Moby-Dick* than just Ahab's tragedy. The

overtones of Ahab's relation to Pip, after the latter almost drowned, suggest an alternative. The alternative is Ishmael, transcending his choric function in this respect, who saw that mankind did not have to share Ahab's manner of death. That many were carried to their death with Ahab was a consequence of the vital issues at stake when weak minds are blindly led by a maddened brain. Ishmael's brotherly love maintained itself as an underlying mental and emotional aspect of the theme, and it is through Ishmael that Ahab's tragedy becomes vicariously forceful.

The Rachel

WHEN Ahab refused to aid the *Rachel's* captain in searching for his lost son, Ahab rebuffed all further efforts of persuasion and said, "God bless ye, man, and may I forgive myself, but I must go." If Ahab could have forgiven himself, he may have forgot to do so in the heat of his pursuing Moby-Dick. *The Rachel,* however, didn't forget and returned to pick up one of the *Pequod's* own sons. A quotation from Job heads the epilogue, "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee." This rescue of Ishmael, as he is taken from the coffin life-buoy, culminates Ishmael's philosophy symbolically. Brotherly love is reciprocal; the fellowship that Ishmael practiced and held supreme over Ahab's demoniac vengeance was the means of his own rescue.

> The drama's done. Why then here does any one step forth?—Because one did survive the wreck.

The plot strand of Ahab alone does not fulfill the totality of the novel. Ishmael's contribution to the plot demanded fulfillment because of his symbolic force. That he did survive the wreck supplied the additional release from the dramatic tension that was not fully provided by the death of Ahab.

Withholding the full release of this dramatic tension restrains the full catharsis of the tragedy in its development of the theme. Ending the novel with Ahab's death, the positive alternative of Ishmael is not allowed its culmination, since the cause and effect progression of events develops an expectation that is not satisfied merely by its contrast to Ahab's revenge. To eliminate Ishmael's symbolic development in the epilogue, which symbolically is part of the structural whole, checkmates a full response to the theme.

Queequeg's coffin served as a life-buoy for Ishmael before the *Rachel* rescued him. This coffin had served several purposes. One of them was the life-buoy of the ship *Pequod;* to this Ahab responded,

A life-buoy of a coffin! Does it go further? Can it be that in some spiritual sense the coffin is, after all, but an immortality preserver!

The possible implications for Ahab were meaningless, but for Ishmael were concrete enough. The continuation of the symbols of the life-buoy coffin, the *Rachel,* and the developed meaning of Ishmael in the epilogue provides the structural and symbolical culmination of the total novel.

Whether or not Melville intended Ishmael's brotherly love to be the answer for man in a fixed world is a question for Melville to answer. The structural unity suggests it; his own preoccupation with Christianity allows it.

In Summary

THE *Rachel's* rescue of Ishmael culminated his philosophy of brotherly love symbolically. As the events and the dramatic tension in the novel progressed and developed, Ishmael as a symbolic force became more strong, although his immediate role as an actor decreased. Ahab's touch of humanity that Starbuck and Pip innocently aroused intensified the already growing suggestion, in Ishmael and Queequeg, of an alternative to Ahab's vengeance. The cause and effect progression of events in the novel suggested that the alternative was Ishmael and what he symbolically represented.

The dramatic tension of the total novel is not fully released with Ahab's tragic death. The catharsis is frustrated, and the theme is slighted when the symbolic whole is limited to Ahab's dramatic struggle. Ishmael and Ahab are both necessary to provide this cathartic effect. Symbolically and structurally, Ishmael and Ahab constitute the manifestations of the theme.

The novel itself justifies the significance of Ishmael's brotherly love. It is not necessary to prove from Melville's biographical data and his works that *Moby-Dick* is more than just a story of Ahab. The "Christian" interpretation of *Moby-Dick,* through the *Rachel* and Ishmael, does not, however, contradict Melville's own thinking. From the notes of his Holy Land journey and his works, especially the later ones, his concern for Christ is quite apparent.

Moby-Dick is the story of Ishmael and Ahab whose adventures and experiences assumed symbolic proportions. Balancing Ahab with Ishmael *Moby-Dick* is the story of a vengeance that did not have to be.

Letter From Xanadu, Nebraska

Dear Editor:

JINGLE bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way! Boyoboy, I got the Christmas spirit early this year and I intend to keep celebrating straight through December two-five.

What got me started was putting up the Christmas decorations on Main Street. I and some other men from the Boosters Club worked all day Monday on the job and I'll bet there isn't another main drag in the whole country that looks as Christmassy as ours. We got Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer on the courthouse lawn and we got a PA system that plays Bing Crosby's White Christmas every twenty minutes and down in the water tower park we got Santa Claus and his sleigh with a Santa that is wired so he twists his head around and says, "Have you all been good little children? You better be if you want me to leave anything at your house on Christmas." Down the middle of the street, we have strung colored bulbs, and around the street lights we have a lot of evergreens with little jinglers in them.

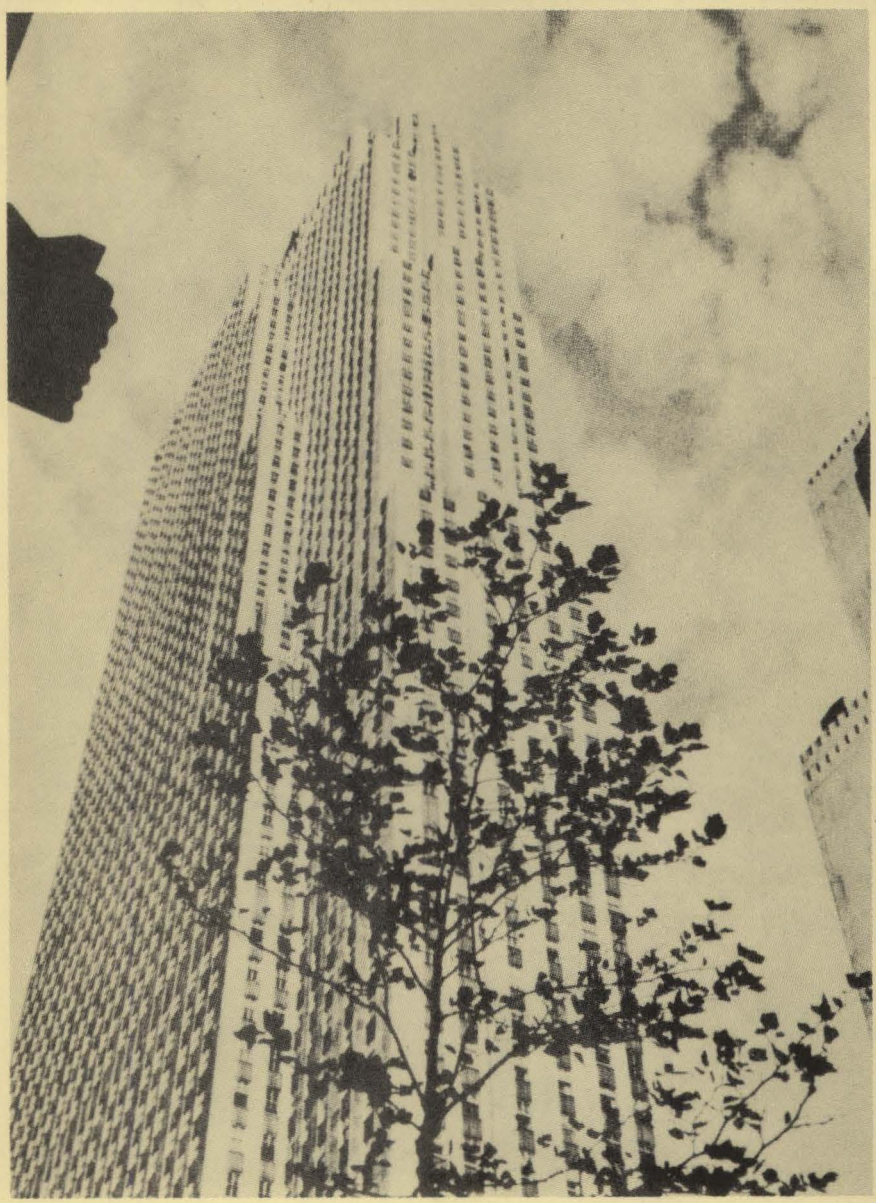
On the Saturday before Christmas, we're going to have the public speaking teacher at the high school read Nixon's story about Scrooge to all the kids of the community in the high school gym, and then in the afternoon we're going to raffle off three turkeys and half a dozen chickens over at the fire station. Meanwhile, we're running a big contest to choose a Miss Xanadu Christmas 1952 with everybody getting one vote for every dollar's worth of stuff he buys from a downtown merchant during the first fifteen days of December. We'll crown her at the big Christmas dance Saturday night after the raffle.

What we're trying to do, of course, is keep business here in town, rather than have people run all over to do their Christmas shopping. Last year we had people going all the way to Omaha to buy things that they could have gotten just as cheap here in Xanadu and the only reason they went was to see the decorations and the crowds. Well, this year they'll have the decorations and the crowds right here at home, so maybe they'll do their buying here too.

Well, so much for Christmas. Tonight we have Voters Meeting to elect congregational officers for next year. I suppose we'll do what we usually do and re-elect the whole crowd that's in now. The truth is that we would like to get some new blood into these offices but it's pretty hard to do. Several years ago, I remember, Charlie Kerrl was put up for his eighteenth term as elder and he made his usual speech about how he had held the office long enough and would rather not be called upon to serve again, so we didn't re-elect him. And boy! did he get mad! He didn't come to church for the next six months and when the pastor went to talk to him he blew his top about how ungrateful the congregation was and how the young crowd was trying to take over. So rather than go through that sort of thing again, we just move that the present officers be re-elected.

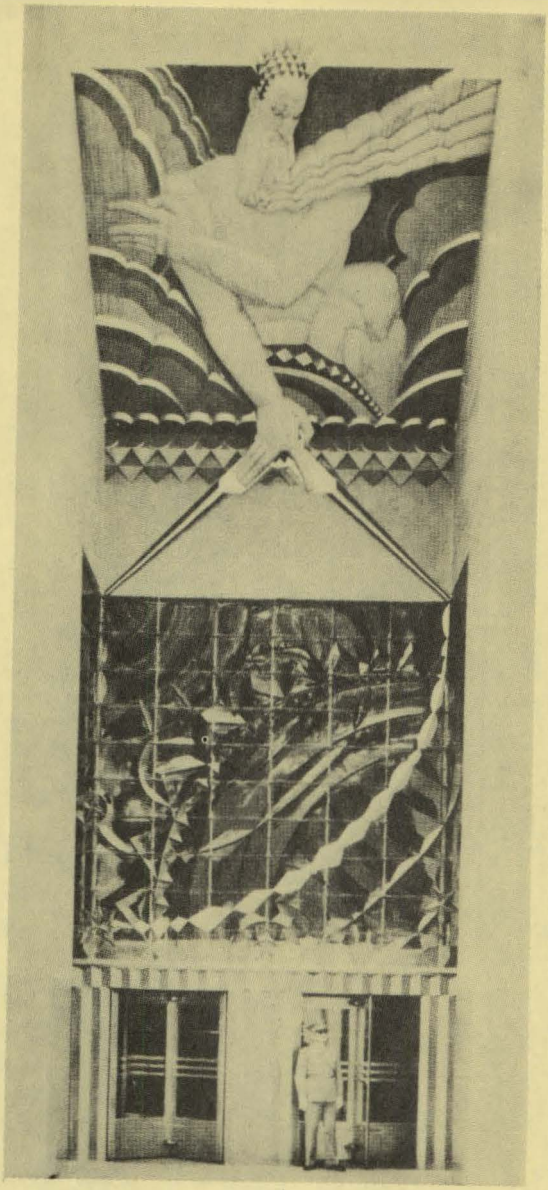
There will be some other business that might be interesting, though. The Young Married People's Club has drawn up a petition to allow husbands and wives to sit together at communion rather than have the husbands sit on one side and the wives on the other as we have always done. There ought to be some fur flying if that comes up for a vote tonight. Myself, I think we want to go slow on some of these changes. This particular matter isn't too important in itself but I can see at least two things happening if we vote for it. In the first place, the young crowd will get ideas about taking over the church, the way the Junior Chamber of Commerce crowd has already taken over the town. In the second place, the next thing the women will want is to attend Voter's Meetings, the way they already do in some churches. Now I have nothing against women, but the church is about the only place where men still have something to say about things and I, for one, would like to keep it that way. Besides, there's always the danger of having evil thoughts when men and women sit together at communion and then you might take communion unworthily. So I say, let's think it over for a while but not do anything in a hurry. After all, we've kept the men and women separate for eighty years here and we certainly don't have to change the whole set-up at one meeting.

Yours, etc., G. G.



ROCKEFELLER CENTER

With each changing season Rockefeller Center takes on new beauty



ROCKEFELLER CENTER

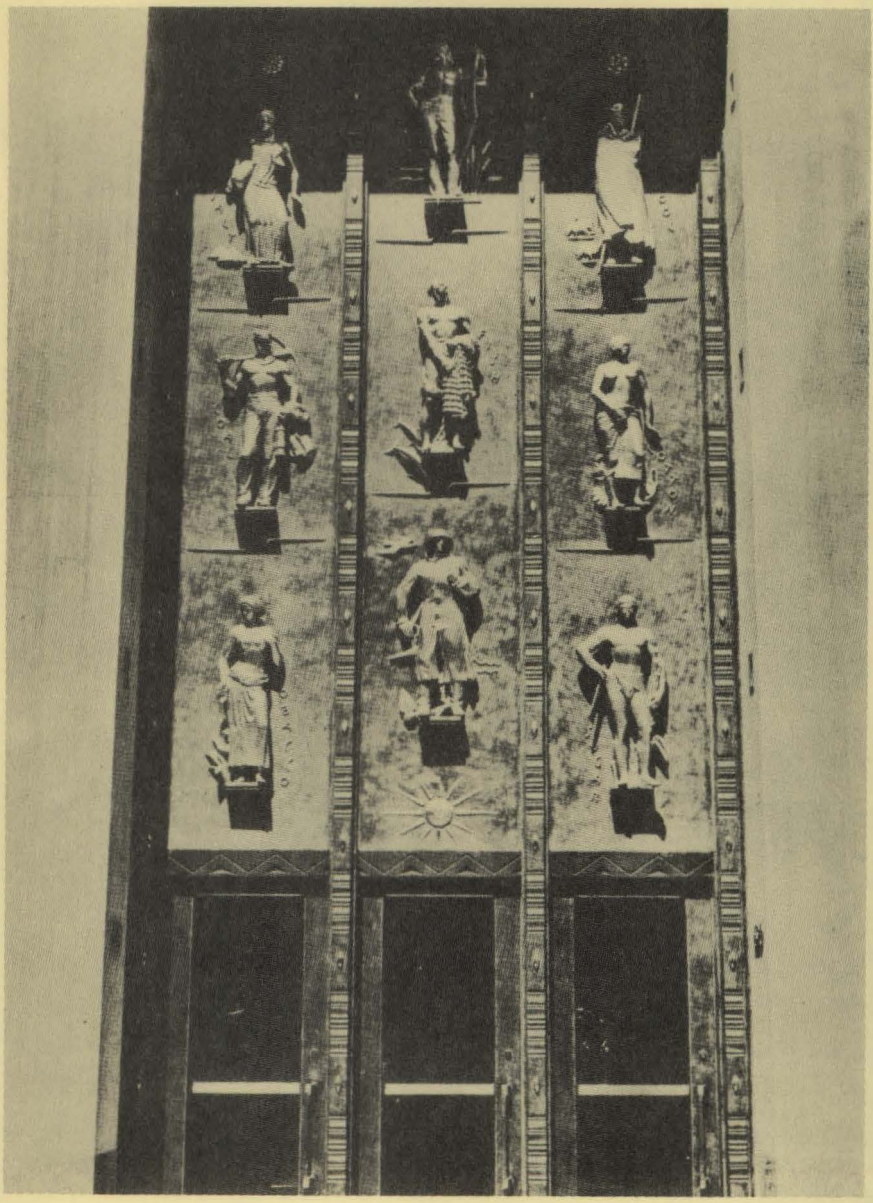
Part of the huge mural in stone and glass over the main entrance to the RCA Building. Rockefeller Center is a veritable art museum

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Lee Lawrie's statue of Atlas outside the Fifth Avenue entrance to the International Building is cast in bronze, weighs seven tons. The statue is a willing subject for amateur photographers

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

The Prometheus statue against the RCA Building, flooded at night



ROCKEFELLER CENTER

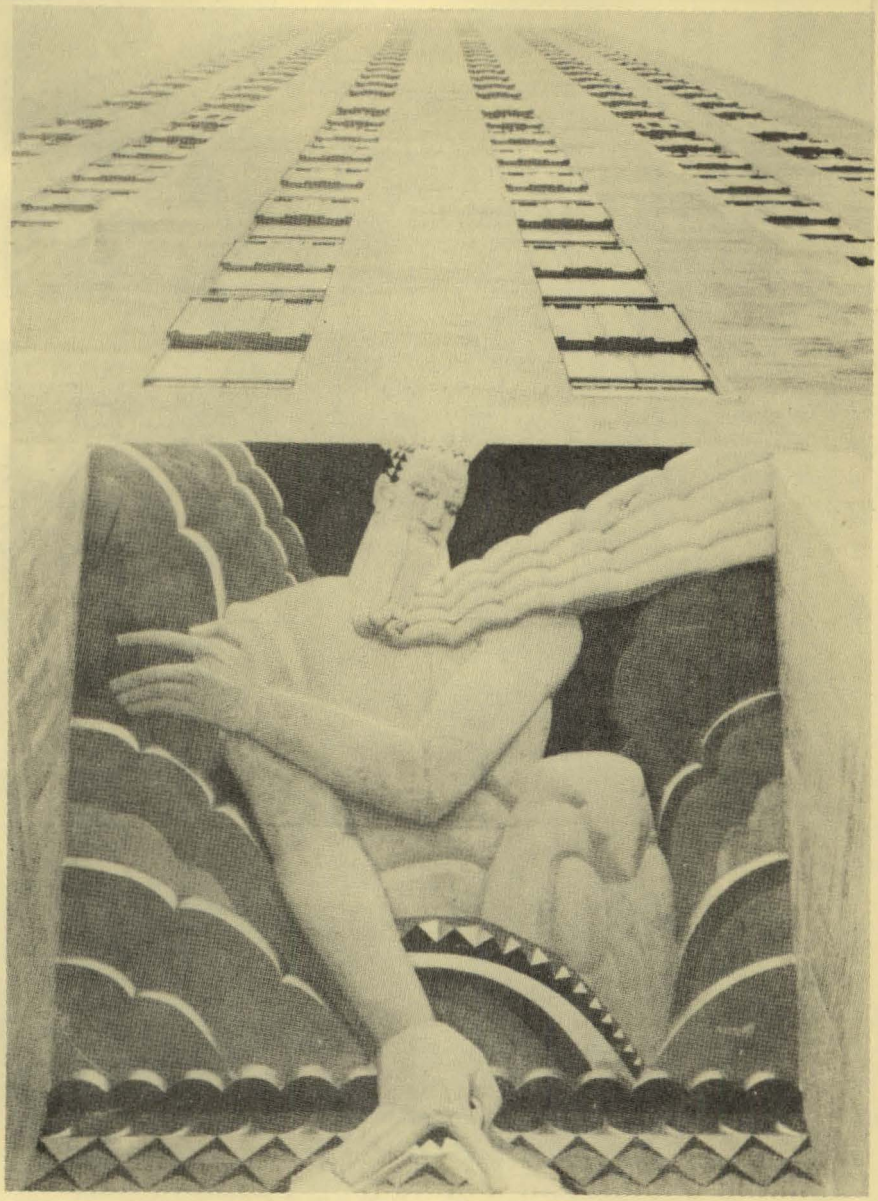
The Fifth Avenue entrance to the British Empire Building. The bronze figures, representing nine basic industries of Britain, are the work of Carl Paul Jennewein

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Christmas in Rockefeller Center is one of New York's most spectacular sights. Here the Rockefeller Center Choristers—men and women who work in the Center—sing Christmas carols beneath a 75-foot tree in the Lower Plaza

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Framed in the sweeping lines of Twentieth Century buildings, the Thirteenth Century Gothic towers of St. Patrick's Cathedral rise above a roof-top garden



ROCKEFELLER CENTER

The RCA Building as the the tourist sees it. The stern-looking figure in the foreground represents "Wisdom" by Lee Lawrie

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Chips from a Workshop

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I have wished more than once that I could have had a seat directly behind the mighty Johannes Brahms when—I think it was in March, 1888—he attended a rehearsal of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 5* in the city of Hamburg.

Maybe the great German composer would have hidden his thoughts behind his big beard—the beard which, in Eduard Hanslick's words, concealed the master's face just as the master's variations sometimes concealed a theme. In that case my presence at the rehearsal would have failed to give me all I was looking for.

But it is more than likely that some comments on the symphony would have forced their way through the well-known Brahmsian beard. In that case my visit to the hall would have been a rewarding experience.

I know that Brahms did not like the final movement of Tchaikovsky's *Fifth.* He told the Russian so.

The two composers happened to have adjoining rooms in a Hamburg hotel. They had lunch together, and there was a frank interchange of opinions. Tchaikovsky declared in all candor that he did not like those compositions by Brahms which he happened to know. But he liked Brahms as a person. "Brahms's manner is very simple," he wrote in his diary, "devoid of vanity, his humor jovial, and the few hours I spent with him left me with a most agreeable impression."

Recollections of what I have read about the meeting of Tchaikovsky and Brahms invariably flit through my mind when I listen to the Russian's *Symphony No. 5.*

For years I have liked the final movement of this work best of all. Some, I know, prefer the second part—the *Andante Cantabile,* which, as you know, once upon a

time inspired a popular abomination called *Moon Love*. Others have a special fondness for the waltz which serves as the third movement of the symphony. Many consider the first movement best by far. But I continue to vote for the *Finale*.

No, Mr. Brahms, I do not think that the final movement of Tchaikovsky's *Fifth* exemplifies the highest type of skill in the matter of structure. But it is alive with color and irresistible melody. Besides, it is full of sheer savagery—elemental savagery. And I want to hear that savagery brought to the fore whenever I lend my ears to a reading of the work.

Much of Tchaikovsky's music is here to stay. One cannot argue his fourth, fifth, and sixth symphonies out of the world.

The Revised Standard Version

The Bible contains the world's greatest music—music for time and music of and for eternity.

The works of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Handel, Mozart, Schubert, Wagner, and all other composers will pass away at the end of time. But the music of the Book of Books will last forever.

The Sacred Word lets us hear, and tremble at, the shattering thunder of God's Law. But it does not fail to bring to our ears the never ending comfort and the everlasting blessing of God's Gospel.

One can revel in the elemental simplicity and directness of the Biblical narratives, one can take infinite pleasure in the power and the sweep of the poetry of the Bible, and one can derive boundless exhilaration and edification from the masterful writings of that learned, cultured, and astute scholar and gentleman whose name was Paul.

I find wonderful music in Martin Luther's translation of the Bible into German. I mean, above all, the music of and for eternity. But I do not by any means overlook the miraculous music that makes up the warp and the woof of Luther's language.

Listen to what a Jew, Hugo Leichtentritt by name, has to say in *Music, History, and Ideas* (Harvard University Press. 1938). Here are Dr. Leichtentritt's words:

> The German Bible ranks among the highest accomplishments in German literature, and if Luther had done nothing else his magnificent German Bible would have sufficed to give him a place of honor in the history of both music and literature. For four hundred years this Bible text has inspired countless German composers of religious music, great and small. Works like Bach's cantatas and Passion music and Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* would not be what they are without Luther's inspiring, powerful, and characteristic diction.

I turn to the King James Ver-

sion of Holy Writ. Here, too, I find music of and for eternity and, in addition, indescribably beautiful music of words.

Yes, Luther translated inaccurately now and then. So did the learned men who gave us the Authorized Version. Besides, both translations contain archaic words and expressions.

Has any translation of the Bible attained perfection in every detail? I do not think so.

I have been reading some of the high-powered advertising designed for the purpose of making the recently issued Revised Standard Version of the Bible a best seller. That advertising is successful. It should be successful. I myself like to read all the translations of the Bible I can obtain and understand. The more, the better.

But when I dip into the New Testament in the Revised Standard Version—I have not yet read the new translation of the Old Testament—I am filled at times with disappointment and chagrin. As one who, in the course of many years, has been trying in the sweat of his brow to acquire at least a smattering of classical Greek and to learn something about the Greek of the New Testament, I knit my brow and scratch my head in wonder when I lay my eyes on some of the new translations.

Why, pray, does the Revised Standard Version give us "rests" instead of "abides" or "remains" in the thirty-sixth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John? Is the new translation an improvement? It is not. The new rendering alters the meaning of the Greek word and detracts from the import of the passage. Why accuse the King James translators of handing down inaccuracies when an inaccuracy like this can raise its head in the Revised Standard Version?

Is this a small—a trivial—matter? Not at all. Or is the new translation of the thirty-sixth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel according to St. John based on a different reading—a reading to be found in a manuscript—or manuscripts—regarded by the most erudite scholars of our time as having a particularly high degree of authenticity? I wonder.

Let us look at some translations of this passage.

Luther: *"der Zorn Gottes bleibt über ihm."*

King James: *"the wrath of God abideth on him."*

American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible: *"the wrath of God abideth on him."*

Edgar J. Goodspeed: *"will remain under the anger of God."*

James Moffatt: *"God's anger broods over him."*

A translation into Braid Scots by the Rev. William Wye Smith: *"the ban o' God on him sal bide."*

Revised Standard Version: *"the wrath of God rests upon him."*

Is the song of the heavenly hosts as recorded by St. Luke in his account of the birth of Christ accurately rendered in the new, highly advertised, and often fulsomely reviewed version of the New Testament? Is *"men with whom he is pleased"* a correct translation of the words found in the best Greek manuscripts? I do not think so.

I could go on and on. I could point to some renderings in the Revised Standard Version that have made my heart leap for joy. At the same time I could mention and discuss more than one translation that causes my hackles to rise.

Why, for example, could the men who have given us the Revised Standard Version not have been consistently sensitive to the fine shadings and subtleties of meaning so often to be found in the Greek tenses? I, for one, thought that I had a right to look for special sensitiveness in the new version; for I had missed some of it in the King James translation.

I hope all teachers of what, in theological parlance, is called exegesis will bear with me for a few moments while I mention, in all candor, something that has been bothering me for a long time. Who am I to find fault with Luther? And who am I to say that the King James Version, like the translation given to us by the great Reformer, has incorrectly rendered the fifth petition of the Lord's prayer as recorded by St. Luke? Yet I make bold to do that very thing. I do so in all humility and solely because I am searching eagerly for the truth.

Does the Greek text actually mean *"And forgive us our sins, for we ourselves forgive every one who is indebted to us"*? I am quoting the Revised Standard Version.

It seems to me—in fact, I am convinced—that the little word *"for"*—Luther's *"denn"*—is the trouble-maker. I do not believe that in this instance the Greek text says what we find in the King James Version, in Luther's translation, in the Revised Standard Version, and in many other renderings. I know that for a long time many have failed to notice this matter. Why? I suspect that the reason is to be found in the fact that we have become accustomed to the *"as"* which is found in the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer as recorded by St. Matthew. But do we ask the Lord to forgive us our sins *because* we ourselves forgive every one who is indebted to us? Certainly not.

When the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament came into my hands, I literally held my breath while I looked for its ren-

dering of the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer as recorded by St. Luke. But, lo and behold, that *"for"* stared me in the face.

Do I have an accurate translation of this passage? I think I do. But I shall study and restudy that passage a long time before putting my rendering into print. I am trying to be meticulously careful, for I want to be completely satisfied that my wording in English actually reproduces what is said in the original Greek. Right now I shall go no farther than to say that in my opinion the two little Greek words *"kai gar,"* which occur in the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer as given by St. Luke, *do not introduce a statement of the reason why we ask the Lord to forgive us our sins.*

Now let us examine some translations of a few words in the marvelous thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians.

King James: *"For now we see through a glass, darkly."* This rendering is both inaccurate and misleading. I Cor. 13:12.

American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible: *"For now we see in a mirror, darkly."* This is better.

Edgar J. Goodspeed: *"For now we are looking at a dim reflection in a mirror."*

James Moffatt: *"At present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror."*

A translation into Braid Scots by the Rev. William Wye Smith: *"For noo we see but in a keekin-glass, a' dimly."*

Revised Standard Version: *"For now we see in a mirror dimly."*

Luther's translation reflects unparalleled mastery. It reads: *"Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunklen Wort."*

Does all this belong in a column titled *Music and Music Makers?* I think it does. Why? Because, as I said before, the Bible contains the world's greatest music.

RECENT RECORDINGS

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *Il Trovatore,* with Zinka Milanov as Leonora; Fedora Barbieri as Azucena; Margaret Roggero as Inez; Jussi Bjoerling as Manrico; Leonard Warren as the Count di Luna; Nicola Moscona as Ferrando; Paul Franke as Ruiz; George Cehanovsky as an old gypsy; Nathaniel Sprinzena as a messenger, and the RCA Victor Orchestra and the Robert Shaw Chorale under Renato Cellini.—The more I hear Verdi's operas, the more ardently I admire the beauty and the pointedness of his writing. This recording—exemplifying RCA Victor's new "orthophonic sound"—is superb. So is the performance of the

opera. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM 6008.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Kreutzer Sonata.* Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Benno Moïseliwitsch, piano.—A memorable performance of a great masterpiece. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1612.

GAETANO DONIZETTI. Highlights from *Lucia di Lammermoor.* Patrice Munsel, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; Ezio Pinza, basso; Thelma Votipka, soprano; Paul Franke, tenor; Luigi Vellucci, tenor; and the RCA Victor Orchestra and Chorus under Renato Cellini.—This fine album—it includes the *Sextet* and the *Mad Scene*—should become a best seller. I was particularly impressed by the superb singing of Miss Munsel. How remarkably that girl has grown in artistry! 45 rmp. RCA Victor WDM-1710.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in E Flat Major, Op. 73 (Emperor).* Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, with the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra under Fritz Reiner.—An "orthophonic sound" recording. I have never heard the haunting slow movement played with tonal beauty more impressive than that achieved by Horowitz and Reiner on these discs. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1718.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI. *Amahl and the Night Visitors.* Recorded under the personal direction of Mr. Menotti, with the original cast of the NBC television production. "This is an opera for children," writes Mr. Menotti, "because it tries to recapture my own childhood." An excellent work—especially for the Christmas season. Menotti has extraordinary ability as a composer. Thomas Schippers conducts the fine presentation. 45 rpm. RCA Victor WDM-1701.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Overture to The Magic Flute.* The BBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini. GIOACCHINO ROSSINI. *Overture to The Barber of Seville.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini.—This is one of RCA Victor's extended-play 45 rpm. discs—discs which play up to eight minutes, require no change in equipment, and are designed primarily for overtures, arias, and other compositions which normally would need two 45 rpm. surfaces or two ten- or twelve-inch 78 rpm. surfaces. RCA Victor WEPR-14.

HOROWITZ PLAYS Five Chopin *Mazurkas. Op. 30, Nos. 3 and 4; Op. 63, Nos. 2 and 3; Op. 59, No. 3.*—Another fine extended-play 45 rpm. disc. RCA Victor WEPR-31.

ALBAN BERG. *Lulu.* Presented with a fine cast and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra under Herbert Häfner. Sung in German.—Berg, one of the late Arnold Schönberg's most ardent disciples, began this powerful three-act opera in 1928. He did not live to complete the work. But he did leave an orchestral suite of the music. *Lulu,* for which Berg himself fashioned the libretto, is a condensation of two tragedies—*Erd-*

geist and *Die Büchse der Pandora*—from the pen of Frank Wedekind. This is controversial music. But it is full of stark power. I prefer it to Berg's *Wozzeck,* from which, incidentally, *Lulu* has a quotation. The recording and the presentation are superb. Three 33-1/3 rpm. discs, with libretto in German and in English. Columbia SL-121.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Sonata in B Flat Minor, Op. 35* and *Sonata in B Minor, Op. 58.* Edward Kilenyi, pianist.—Admirable performances of two great masterpieces. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-90.

GIUSEPPE VERDI. *La Traviata,* starring Frances Schimenti as Violetta. Orchestra and chorus of the Teatro dell' Opera, of Rome, under Luigi Ricci.—A well-paced and altogether excellent presentation of one of my favorite operas. Schimenti sings beautifully. Three 33-1/3 rpm. discs, with complete libretto in Italian and in English. Remington R-199-98.

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *La Bohême,* starring Frances Schimenti as Mimi and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi as Rodolfo. Orchestra and chorus of the Teatro dell' Opera, of Rome, under Luigi Ricci.—Another well-paced and altogether excellent presentation. Lauri-Volpi, you know, used to sing at the "Met" in New York. Three 33-1/3 rpm. discs, with complete libretto in Italian and in English. Remington R-199-99.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 88, in G Major and Symphony No. 100 in G Major (Military).* The Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra. Paul Walter conducts *No. 88;* Fritz Weidlich conducts *No. 100.*—Some of our American conductors will do well to learn from Walter and Weidlich how to present the symphonies of Haydn. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-89.

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Symphony No. 6, in B Minor, Op. 74 (Pathétique).* The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.—Sumptuous orchestral tone. Ormandy's reading is masterful in every way. 33-1/3 rpm. Columbia ML-4544.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Sonata No. 8, for Violin and Piano, in G Major, Op. 30, No. 3.* Celiny Chailley-Richez, violinist, and Helen Airoff, pianist. *Sonata No. 2, for Violin and Piano, in A Major, Op. 12, No. 2.* Walter Schneiderhan, violinist, and Heinrich Berg, pianist.—Impressive readings of immortal music. 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-199-95.

RICHARD RODGERS - OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II. *Highlights from The King and I.* Elizabeth Humphries, Lucille Graham, and an unidentified male singer, with Frank Chacksfield and his orchestra.—If you happen to like *The King and I,* you will enjoy this recording of *I Whistle a Happy Tune; My Lord and Master; Hello, Young Lovers; Getting to Know You; We Kiss in a Shadow; Something Wonderful; I Have Dreamed,* and *Shall We Dance?* 33-1/3 rpm. Remington R-149-55.

The New Books

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

Unsigned reviews are by the Editors

NOTE: *This issue of the* CRESSET *should reach readers as they start to think in terms of Christmas. Books make an acceptable present at Christmas time and probably nothing would be more appropriate as a gift than the new "Revised Standard Version" of the* HOLY BIBLE. *In preparing this section of the magazine, a fairly large number of books have been reviewed in order to bring to readers' attention some books that might be suitable as presents. In some instances the persons to whom such books might best be given are indicated.*

LITERARY EDITOR

RELIGION

THE CRISIS IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

By Ernest F. Scott (Scribners, $2.50).

DR. SCOTT is a well-known writer on New Testament topics having written some twelve books in this general area. His latest book, *The Crisis in the Life of Jesus,* deals with the cleansing of the temple and the significance of this act on the part of Jesus. Dr. Scott says that this one act of Jesus was the most significant of his entire life since it involved the attitude of Jesus to the old religion, his claim to Messiahship, the aims of his mission, and the cause of his condemnation and death.

Placing this incident as the central act in the life of Jesus is throwing the whole picture of the life of Christ out of focus. This is the more apparent since Dr. Scott does not believe in the divinity of Christ for he says, "He [Jesus] would not derive his power from any official position but simply from the fact that he spoke for God and that God was working through him. It was this Messiah that Jesus knew himself to be."

The whole book is based on the idea that Jesus was merely a good human being through whom God was working rather than actually being the Son of God. An approach such as this misses entirely the relevance and value of the life of Jesus.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

THE NATURE OF THE CHURCH

By R. Newton Flew (Harper, $4.00).

THIS volume is a collection of statements on the Nature of the Church according to the teachings of the chief communions within Christendom. It consists of two main divisions: the first, planned and carried out from Great Britain as a center, speaks for the Churches of Europe; the second, from the United States, speaks for the Churches of America.

This is another volume in the series being published in connection with the World Conference on Faith and Order. Since each denominational viewpoint is presented by a member of the particular communion, there is no consistent thread running through the book as to the nature of the Church.

In spite of the varying opinions, there is an attempt in each of the articles to keep in mind that the Christian Church is really one. Since this is a collection of statements it has the weakness of being somewhat disjointed, but it does give a clear insight into the concern of the leaders of the various Christian communions with the Doctrine of the Church.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

RELIGIOUS FAITH AND WORLD CULTURE

Edited by A. William Loos (Prentice-Hall, $5.00).

THIS symposium offers much food for thought about a timely subject. The contributors represent a wide variety of faiths and creeds. They include Martin Buber from Palestine, Amiya Chakravarty from India, Harry Emerson Fosdick from the United States, Martin C. D'Arcy from England, Gabriela Mistral from Chile, Alan Paton from South Africa, and nineteen others of equal distinction as authors. Each contributor was asked to answer two fundamental questions: How in our confused era can we make progress toward developing an all-embracing world culture? How can the resources of religion contribute to the growth of world community? The writers of these short but scholarly articles " do not attempt to offer a new creed or dogma —either religious or scientific or technological." The reader of *Religious Faith and World Culture* is often led to ask himself what these writers mean by religious faith as well as by world culture. Perhaps the Christian approach to this all-important subject of religious faith and world culture is best expressed in the article: "Is there a Nascent World Culture?" (pp. 259-272) by the Jesuit, Martin C. D'Arcy, whose conclusion of the whole matter is . . . "unless the Lord keep the City, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

H. H. KUMNICK

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE IN THE MAKING

By Herbert Gordon May (Westminster, $2.75).

IT WAS Martin Luther who said that he would want all his books and writings buried nine cubits in the ground, if thereby the people would more generally read and heed the Bi-

ble as the Word of God. We might be inclined to say the same of the ever increasing number of "books about the Bible" coming from the presses in our day and age and of which there is no end. But a general book burying (from which God preserve us) would not bring about an exclusive and universal turning to the Book of Books. We therefore have the task of winnowing the great harvest of "about the Bible" books and of separating the wheat from the chaff.

Dr. May's recent book would definitely be found among the wheat of the harvest. It distinguishes itself, first, by its compactness. It is not a large volume. There are about 150 pages. But the usual delineation of the story of the English Bible is adequate and satisfying, making it a handy reference book. Another distinguishing feature is the inclusion of the story of the *Revised Standard Version,* which was put on the market in its entirety on September 30, after the New Testament had been in use since 1946. Here the author is able to give first hand information, having been an active member of the interdenominational committee which prepared the *RSV,* as it will be known. In this part of his book, Dr. May shows with the help of many examples that the revisors decided to use the King James Version as basic, to retain its beauty and rhythm, but to replace archaic words and such as have changed their meaning with present day language.

Being an enthusiast for the new Bible Version, one cannot expect that this member of the revision committee would also mention a few of the valid criticisms of the *RSV* New Testament. The Old Testament will now be read and studied and will find some honest and sincere critics. But as the King James Version slowly but surely replaced the former English Bible versions, in spite of some real and serious flaws, so this new *Revised Standard Version* may finally be the one which will take the place of the Authorized Version of Elizabeth's and Shakespeare's time. The next years and decades will tell.

The closing chapter, "Making Use of Our English Bible" should be given special mention and high praise. Some of the very practical topics treated are: "New Interest in the Bible," "How to Read the Bible," "The Bible and Spiritual Growth," "The Bible and the Church."

A good book for private reading, for church Bible classes, and for religion classes in college.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

THE AUTOGRAPH OF GOD

By Archer Wallace (Macmillan, $2.00).

DON'T let the quaint title of this book by The Reverend Archer Wallace keep you from reading it. Archer Wallace is a well-known Canadian minister whose writing career began when ill health temporarily interrupted his work as a preacher. Someone has said of him: "Archer Wallace walks with kings of the mind yet keeps the common touch. His sentences are filled with seed thoughts which keep growing because their themes are vital."

Each of the fifty-two interesting

topics offered in this volume is alive with clear, kindly counsel in which you will discover the author as a helpful friend. The chapters "All God's Children" and "The Compensations of Sickness" are challenging and full of comfort. The book is enriched by incidents drawn from fiction and real life. Its spiritual value would be greatly enhanced if more emphasis were placed on the centrality of the Cross in human happiness and suffering.

H. H. KUMNICK

HARPER'S BIBLE DICTIONARY

By Madeleine S. and J. Lane Miller (Harper's, $7.95).

THIS will be a welcome addition to the library of any student of the Bible and it might almost be considered a necessary addition to a pastor's library. A completely new work, this dictionary includes information on the most recent discoveries in fields such as archeology and manuscript research which have immediate bearings upon the understanding of the Biblical text. The five hundred illlustrations and 16 Westminster Historical Atlas maps add greatly to the value of the book.

Theologically, the compilers stand well on the orthodox side although on particular matters they might appear liberal to very conservative theologians. Thus, on miracles, they suggest that not every wonder that is described as miraculous in Scripture would be considered miraculous by a present-day observer. Under the heading of "Messiah," the compilers suggest a more or less gradual growing conviction within our Lord that He was the prophesied Messiah. Under the heading of "Hell," they admit the possibility of an eventual universal salvation.

Outside the arguable doctrinal areas, the book should impress any reader as altogether excellent. Most readers will probably feel that even within the area of doctrine, the book is sound and as objective as possible.

THE UPWARD CALL

By Henry David Gray (Abingdon-Cokesbury, $1.25).

DEVOTIONAL booklets or larger books of devotion which follow a certain series of topics or a certain book of the Bible are to be preferred to those which from day to day treat a great variety of topics and texts seemingly quite unrelated. This is one reason to welcome Dr. Gray's little volume, which is subheaded "A Daily Devotional Study of Philippians for Youth." There is no New Testament epistle better suited to fill this announced purpose than St. Paul's "Epistle of Joy."

The messages are Scriptural, timely and vivid, couched in strong, pungent language. They have grown from the wide experiences of the author. At present pastor of a Congregational Church in South Pasadena, California, Dr. Gray pursued his studies at European universities, including Edinburgh and Tuebingen, after being graduated from college and seminary in this country. He has held pastorates in Scotland and in this

country, always showing his interest in varied and vigorous youth programs.

On the basis of outstanding passages of Philippians, the writer leads his young (and older) readers to meditate on the great truths of our Christian religion. On "righteousness through faith," Phil. 3:9, he says:

> The medieval world accepted the idea that righteousness was chiefly doing good works, or sharing in the good works of others through purchase of indulgences. Luther and others recalled men to the truth that righteousness is attained through faith.

On "stand firm in the Lord," Phil. 4:1, he writes:

> A weather vane changes with every shift of the wind. So do "Christians" who are not well founded "in the Lord." . . . Maybe the current fad is spiritualism, or dianetics, or autosuggestion, or self-affirmation, or premillennialism, or postmillennialism. . . . This wishy-washy Christianity is of very little value, because it has no steady, firm foundation on which a life can be built.

The devotions extend over twelve weeks, a portion of Philippians being the text for a whole week, until the entire epistle is covered. Correlated readings from other books of the New Testament are suggested for each day. Each meditation closes with an original prayer in free verse.

We are glad to hear this kind of "Upward Call" coming to us from British and American Congregationalism.

CARL ALBERT GIESELER

FICTION

A CRY OF CHILDREN

By John Horne Burns (Harper, $3.00).

FASHIONS in sin seem to be the target in this story of carnal love in a Greenwich Village setting. This carnality of a rising young concert pianist and his dissolute tart, along with the other assorted vice that draws the author's fire, in time bores us as in time it seems to have bored its practitioners. Mr. Burns, who has already proved his talent with his book *The Gallery,* will do better by his readers when he learns from Swift what to do with his anger. He cannot simply toss his barbs, and thereby achieve significance in his chosen form the novel. There is characterization and the matter of motivation to be attended to. Especially is this true when a boy-meets-girl cliche is chosen as the pilot.

DONALD A. DOHRMAN

GIANT

By Edna Ferber (Doubleday, $3.95).

WHAT littleness did it hide?" So mused the Virginia born and raised bride of a fabulously land-and-cattle-rich rancher when she opened her eyes on Texas' "mania for bigness." Miss Ferber, the author, with affection, chides both the mania and the littleness in this entertaining story of one who as a young bride was appalled by crass Texan feudalism. She lived on as a woman to see the first tottering of its walls before the onslaughts of a new generation, a generation which had fought in World

War II to secure freedom for others, and which now was bent on securing it at home for itself. If Miss Ferber succeeds in telling anything beyond a good story—though not so good a one as she told in *Cimarron*—it is this. Like Shakespeare's Richard II, who too played at being king, the Texas plutocracy is now ready to hand over its crown and retiring "talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs." For it is, as described by one of her more sage characters, as "Vain as peacocks and always making out like they're modest. Acting all the time, most of them. Playing Texas."

DONALD A. DOHRMAN

THE FRAGILE YEARS

By Rose Franken (Doubleday, 3.50).

ROSE FRANKEN has written a rather large number of novels about Claudia and her husband David. Each novel has been a "complete" novel in the sense that the preceding ones did not have to be read in order to understand the current one. This is true of *The Fragile Years*. Through these novels, Miss Franken has followed Claudia and her family through triumphs, happiness, illness, and death. Claudia has a great following among American women, and it is to their credit that they have attached themselves to a series of stories that have remained a good cut above the soap-opera pattern. A pattern into which it must be very easy to fall when writing about a family and family problems over a good many years.

The Fragile Years finds Claudia and David ready to resume a somewhat normal life after David's recovery from tuberculosis and after the death of their oldest son. The fragility lies, I gather, in the tenuousness of their existence at this stage of life. Claudia's difficult adjustment follows her son's death which has left her feeling sort of anchorless. David's real concern is for his business partner's difficulties at a time when David, by his doctor's orders, should not be overdoing. The inability to arrive at a decision about the settlement of the family into a house or an apartment. Finally, the temptation to take it easy in the luxury of surroundings that David's brother and wife can and want to offer to them. The impression is created that with the slightest pressure in either direction the marriage could either go adrift or become more firmly established.

In the end, however, as in all of her previous books, Miss Franken has seen to it that everything works out pretty much for the best although not without some pain and suffering. (Fine present for a Claudia fan or a woman who enjoys reading something above the average.)

THE SMALL MIRACLE

By Paul Gallico (Doubleday, $1.50).

PAUL GALLICO has turned his great ability with the short story to the story of a ten year old Italian orphan living in Assisi, by name Pepino, who supports himself by doing odd jobs with the help of a donkey, Violetta. The donkey becomes ill and can not be helped by the veterinarian, and

Pepino conceives the idea of taking this beloved animal of his into the crypt of the church of Saint Francis and asking the saint for help. He runs into opposition from the officials of the church on the ground of potential sacrilege and also on the ground that the entrance to the crypt is simply not large enough for even a small donkey. Pepino overcomes these obstacles although it takes a personal appeal to the Pope in Rome to accomplish this.

The story is told with warmth and sympathy. It has already been turned into a short movie, *Never Take No for an Answer*. Charmingly illustrated by Reisie Lonette.

THE LOST TRAIL OF THE SAHARA

By R. Frison-Roche (Prentice-Hall, $2.95).

THE great Sahara desert will always be an object of interest and fascination to a great many people. It has proved such to Mr. Frison-Roche who had previously confined his interests and his writing to the Alps.

Lieutenant Beaufort, of the French army, newly arrived from Alpine duty and burdened with a deep, personal grief, is selected to lead a small entourage of soldiers, Arabs, and Touaregs in a search for the famous lost trail. The long and grueling trip, the disasters, the disappointments, the betrayals, and the successes are all told in a gripping and exciting manner. The characters are sharply drawn and Frison-Roche's feeling for atmosphere is excellent. This novel has been translated from the French by Paul Bowles, and appears to be an extremely fine translation. (Just the book for an arm-chair traveler who likes excitement.)

GIVE US THIS DAY

By Richard V. Grace (Longmans, Green, $2.75).

EVERYONE will instantly recognize the source of Mr. Grace's title, but its relation to his story will not so readily reveal itself. Captain Barry Lynn, a United States bomber pilot stationed in England during the second World War, takes his bomber squadron without previous consent out of a group formation preparing to bomb Germany. His reason for this highly unusual action is a special order from a ground officer in the Army. This order had been given to him directly rather than through the normal channels and called for a special, low-level bombing mission on the continent, a mission from which almost no one but Lynn and a part of his crew returned. The removal of Lynn's squadron from the larger group resulted in weakening the group and in a great decimation of it at the hands of German fighter pilots. When Lynn can neither produce the orders nor the officer who gave them to him, he is court-martialed. He is found guilty and sentenced to death. The remainder of the book is taken up with the efforts of Brent, a war correspondent and admirer and friend of Lynn, and two young ladies who have figured in Lynn's life, to save him. They do save him in a rather ludicrous denouement when only seconds stand between life and death

on the gallows for the convicted flyer.

Mr. Grace is at his best in describing in some detail the court-martial itself, and in reconstructing, through the various witnesses, the story of the unusual mission. Suspense is maintained well and the story moves rapidly. The conclusion of the book, however, dealing with the rescue, is quite unbelievable.

SHADOW MARRIAGE

By Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, $2.75).

MISS NORRIS has written so many books that it must be difficult for her to remember them all. If *Shadow Marriage* is typical then it does not speak well either for what she has produced in the past or for the tastes of her millions (according to the dust jacket) of readers.

Georgia Rogers, daughter of a college professor and widow of another, possessing no recognizable set of values despite this background, marries a pompous social figure for his money. In so doing she gives up her children by her previous marriage, and, ultimately, her one by this marriage (although not her husband's child), and anything else that could be recognized as decent and fine. Miss Norris would then have the reader believe that fate was to blame because Georgia couldn't work her way back to anything that she pretended she wanted. Miss Norris may call it fate but it bears a remarkably close resemblance to plain selfishness. If women find these books appealing, and apparently they do, then it must be because Miss Norris does such a good job of romanticizing the rich and idle, while, at the same time, throwing in just enough unhappiness, shall we say, to show that not *all* that glitters is gold—even if 98 per cent of it is.

PARTY GOING

By Henry Green (Viking).

MR. GREEN has created a tremendous traffic-stopping fog in London to delay his "party-going" characters on their way to France for a three week holiday. They are forced to spend four boring (for all, including the reader) hours cooped up in the railroad station hotel. Actually, nothing much happens besides the attempts of the rich host and several of the young ladies involved to attract and seduce each other. Also included is a rather loony old maiden aunt who has a fondness for washing and keeping dead pigeons. She becomes ill and everybody fears she will die on their hands.

The fog lifts and trains start running again, but as far as the reader is concerned, the fog outside was more interesting. The fitting adage presumably is "Familiarity breeds contempt," but it's still "Much ado about nothing." ANNE LANGE

BLOOD ROYAL

By Robert Payne (Prentice-Hall, $3.50).

STEPHAN TAVERNER a seventeenth century Englishman married to a Persian princess, and in the service of an aging Indian emperor, finds himself in the midst of a war of succession, as the emperor's two sons—

one a dreamer, the other bent on power—consummate their rivalry in a bloody civil war. Within the framework of the larger action of the story are a number of smaller actions; these include, among others, court intrigues, tiger hunts, and oriental love affairs.

DONALD A. DOHRMAN

REUNION ON THE WABASH

By Sterling North (Doubleday, $3.50).

MR. NORTH'S fictional senator from Indiana, Ed. Bigelow, left at his death a rather large collection of family, relatives, and retainers, as well as a large estate on the Wabash River. To the old family home has come the late Senator's son Jim, a writer, who broke with his father before that man's death, and who has been somewhat at loose ends since the death of his wife placed on him the responsibility for the raising of a daughter. With him has come Natalie Carter, actress, whose love for Jim is not returned and an agent who is determined to get Jim back to a theatrical-and-television-writing career in New York. Present also on the scene is Teresa Sheridan, a cousin of Jim's dead wife, and a woman about whom he can't quite decide what to do.

Mixed into all of this is the threat of a flood on the Wabash, evil-doings by neighbors who do not like Jim or what his family stands for, in-laws who leave something to be desired, and a host of retainers and servants. All of these lives have been intertwined in some way or another. The levee, which protects the old and stately mansion from the threatening Wabash, finally gives way and destroys the house. In the process five of the characters (by actual count) are eliminated, and this makes it easier for those remaining to resolve their lives and problems on a note of hope and reconstruction.

Mr. North tells his story well and with a nostalgic eye to a charming life that must have once existed in mid-Indiana. A fewer number of characters and a little less harsh *deux ex machina* might have helped bring the whole thing off a little better.

ISLAND PRIEST

By Henri Queffélec (Dutton, $3.00).

ISLAND PRIEST is a charming and easy to read novel, the first by this author to be translated into English. The island priest is actually not a priest at all, but the sacristan of the island parish church. The bishop on the mainland has no desire to send another priest to these rugged and crude people since no priest ever wants to stay. The sacristan, Thomas, is gradually persuaded by the people to assume more and more the functions of the priesthood. He finally makes a desperate attempt to study for the priesthood at the diocesan seminary but he fails his examinations miserably. Finally, the bishop realizes that the sacristan, now turned *curé,* is the only one who understands these people and that no other priest could minister to them. He therefore ordains him in the mainland cathedral.

Translated from the French by James Whitall. M. ALFRED BICHSEL

ROMANCE

By Natalie Anderson Scott (Dutton).

ROMANCE is a rather droll affair of a boorish American writer with a Mrs. Johnson, beautiful (naturally) wife of a crippled war hero. The only thing romantic about the book is its elaborate setting—an estate on the Italian Riviera. Reynolds becomes hated by the natives because of his indiscreet behavior with the wife of a man they consider a saint. Mr. Johnson is not long for this world and soon dies, leaving the lovers free to flee. But alas, Mrs. Johnson dies of a heart attack, and another summer romance ends.

Mrs. Scott tries very hard to make a go of the whole business but doesn't make it. She seems to be more successful in marrying off men to bottles, as in *The Story of Mrs. Murphy*.

ANNE LANGE

GENERAL

LATE ARRIVAL

By E. M. Almedingen (Westminster, $4.00).

AS AN autobiography *Late Arrival* offers both a peculiarly readable life story and a sensitively written account of it. Although born into the fairy tale world of Russian nobility, the author's young years are marked with post-Revolution austerity. Escaping to an aunt in Rome, the taciturn young woman fits awkwardly into her aunt's social regimen. With the sale of her first book to a London publisher, Miss Almedingen leaves for London. Here she finds loneliness, continual grinding over her articles and books to make writing support her, and a great, shining love for England.

Late Arrival will appeal to readers especially fond of books either in the Struggles of a Young Writer or the "Oh, to be in England" category.

ROBERTA DONSBACH

MIDCENTURY JOURNEY

By William L. Shirer (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50).

MR. SHIRER'S midcentury journey takes him back to the Europe he knew so well prior to World War II. His purpose: to reappraise the European situation. Almost from the beginning there is a note of gloom. This mood shades into varying degrees of disappointment, anger and contempt. Austria never again will be the same, France is all but morally bankrupt, England is in the same condition financially, and the Germans are—still the Germans.

A pocket-size history of these nations between the two world wars and of events that have taken place since 1945, their economic and political conditions today, the author's ideas on the mistakes that led to and were the cause of World War II, and his opinion on the prospect of peace in Europe comprise the bulk of the book. He explodes a goodly number of popular misconceptions that Americans are so prone to believe. It must also be noted that his pessimism is tempered by a genuine belief that courageous action and tactful diplomacy can prevent the third world de-

bacle. In the final chapter he takes a hard look at the United States and concludes that conditions are not nearly so bad as some people believe. He debunks the talk of "creeping socialism," reprimands big business for biting the hand that fed it and deplores the advance of McCarthyistic thought control, to him so reminiscent of Nazi Germany.

Here is a good book—relevant and well written. The reader may not agree with all of Mr. Shirer's premises, there will be many who will be unhappy with what he has to say, but books on controversial issues generally have that effect. With fine impartiality he chastises—the Germans for flirting with neo-fascism, the French for apathy and lack of moral fiber, and the British for again dragging their diplomatic feet. A good bit of documentation in addition to Mr. Shirer's reputation gives the entire work the ring of authenticity. It is well worth anyone's time.

NO BUT I SAW THE MOVIE

By Peter De Vries (Little, Brown, $3.00).

EVEN a slight acquaintance with *The New Yorker* is bound to bring about an introduction to the short pieces by Mr. De Vries. It doesn't seem quite right to call them stories, although some of them are. Mostly they are sketches or, to use a rather quaint word, vignettes. Twenty-nine of these, of which all but one appeared originally in that magazine, have been collected in this book. They cover the years from 1946 to 1952, and while some of them may remain in the memory of a constant reader of that magazine, they will amuse anew nonetheless. To a reader unfamiliar with Mr. De Vries, this book will come as a welcome rebuttal to the idea that there is little of value in American humor.

Mr. De Vries has drawn heavily on his own experiences in life in the construction of these sketches, and they reflect a gently humorous attitude about the minor difficulties of life such as servants, baby-sitters, housebuilding, and the like. His burlesques of James Jones ("From There to Infinity") and Christopher Fry ("The Doll's Not for Frying") are particularly amusing. (Perfect for the bedside table and friends who enjoy an hour or so of pleasant reading.)

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS

By William O. Douglas (Doubleday, $5.00).

THE highest of the world's mountains form the backdrop for the most recent itinerary of globetrotting Justice Douglas. The book is his account of the places visited and their people. The first two-thirds, by far the most interesting, describes a trek by foot and mule train over the awesome mountains of barren rock, eternal snow, torrential storms and lethal altitude. In the sterile valleys are the people—impoverished and backward yet gentle and friendly. The author gives sympathetic treatment to their struggle for subsistence, their religion and customs, their hopes and fears. The last part of the book concerns itself with places visited (this time

by car and airplane) in Pakistan and Afghanistan. It is somewhat anti-climactic. Over the whole of this unknown land hangs the threat of communist domination. The author believes that only quick and decisive action can prevent the threat from becoming reality.

It is surprising to find a member of the Supreme Court assuming such an arduous journey at all. It is amazing that Justice Douglas should make it alone (except for porters and a native cook.) This alone evinces a deep affection for people and the things of nature. Such temperament coupled with a good story-telling ability enables him to convey graphically that which he sees and hears and thinks. There are flaws—whole chapters devoted to mule bells and "magic" hats can become a trifle dull—but on the whole the book is well worth reading. It reveals the author's philosophy to better advantage and to a greater number of people than do his judicial opinions.

40 ACRES AND NO MULE

By Janice Holt Giles (Westminster, $3.00).

THIS is the simple explanation of how the author came to live in the hills of Kentucky. It is told in the first person and begins when Janice first met her husband, Henry Giles, aboard a crowded bus during World War II.

After the war, Henry and Janice were married and lived in the city for a while. They soon decided that the rush of city life was not for them, so Henry bought some land in the Kentucky hills where his family had lived for generations. The pleasures and discouragements of that first year are told through the eyes of Janice Giles, who had been used to a more urban life.

There is no climax to this book. It is a collection of rambling, loosely connected stories about the hard life on the "ridge" and about the heart warming people who endured these hardships without complaint. Scattered through the book are occasional, excellent little tales written in the language of the hill people.

EDWARD H. JOESTING

J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE

By Philip Hamburger (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00).

J. P. MARQUAND *(The Late George Apley, Melville Goodwin, U.S.A., Point of No Return)* has earned his great popularity in the field of the American novel, in great part at least, by his adroitness in the handling of certain literary techniques such as the flashback and the simultaneous development of two separate stories. Philip Hamburger has written this short biography or study of Marquand in the manner in which Marquand himself would have written it as a novel, using these same techniques. It was a difficult assignment and he comes off with it in an amazingly successful manner—a biographical *tour de force.*

Mr. Hamburger appears in this work (he calls it a "Portrait in the Form of a Novel") as a magazine writer named Allison Craig who spends a day with Marquand to ac-

quire some biographical data for an article. During this day, Marquand, with Craig in tow, travels from New York to New England, visits his summer home where he does his writing, and attends a dinner and reads a paper at a club dinner given in Newburyport, Mass. Woven around this day as Craig sees it is the same day looked at, with many a retrospective glance, from Marquand's position. This may seem confusing but out of it all comes a good, clear picture of Marquand along with a splendid example of the sort of writing that has made him famous. This appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

PETER HUNT'S HOW-TO-DO-IT BOOK

By Peter Hunt (Prentice-Hall, $5.95).

PETER HUNT believes that nothing is so bad that it must be thrown away. In this book he sets about proving his theory. Using a maximum number of illustrations (including many before and after photographs) and diagrams and a minimum of text, he shows and tells how drab and old and unused furniture, kitchen utensils and just plain junk can be converted into warm, attractive and utilitarian articles. A few brushes, paint, and a simple form he calls "peasant art," work the seemingly miraculous transformation. Variations and combinations of "the basic stroke" (it looks like a fat exclamation point without the dot) create gay and appropriate pictures whose old-world quaintness will add charm to any room.

The author insists that the simplicity of his method enables anyone to use it to advantage. Certainly it represents a refreshing change from conventional forms of reconditioning and promises many interesting hours to the persons who try their hands at "peasant art." This reviewer intends to try.

WOMEN IN PRISON

By Joan Henry (Doubleday, $2.50).

AN INTERESTING account of prison life in England as experienced by the author. She received a twelve month sentence for an undivulged crime and was sent first to Holloway, a large, grim prison for women, then to Askham Grange, a progressive prison without bars. It is her belief that the harsh treatment accorded the Holloway inmates only creates a bitter grudge against society which brings the women back to prison. She devotes many pages to striking but not always convincing sketches of her fellow prisoners.

CARLENE BARTELT

KAREN

By Marie Killilea (Prentice-Hall, $2.95).

A POIGNANT, true story about a physically handicapped little girl, well told by her mother. Karen, the second of three children, was born twelve years ago, a minute premature baby. When she was a year old, her parents learned that this unusually beautiful, bright-eyed child failed to perform usual baby activities because she had cerebral palsy.

They were told that she had no mentality, that she would never sit up, use her hands, or walk.

Refusing to believe that their child was mentally retarded—"after all, you just had to look at Karen's eyes"—the Killileas began looking for an appeal to the verdict. Twenty-four of the top doctors in the country gave them no hope. "In China," one of them said, "they have the answer . . . they take such children up on top of a mountain and leave them."

Their search was over after the twenty-fifth specialist examined Karen then three and a half years old. He found her to be mentally very alert and completely reversed the other verdicts. He taught them how to use the special equipment and how to do therapy, of which Karen needed two one-hour periods each day. The difficult job ahead of them was to last for many years, but the compensations were great.

This could have been a depressing book, but it isn't at all. To be sure, heartache, financial worries and discouragement there were aplenty. But this remarkable family, sustained by a strong faith in God, never despaired. Much of the story is gay, thanks to Mrs. Killilea's delightful humor, and always it is vivid. When Karen masters buttons, or takes her first steps, or, after seven months of intense effort, writes six words in thirty-six minutes, the reader's joy is as great as the Killileas'.

Perturbed by the paucity of knowledge about cerebral palsy and by thoughts of thousands of victims (one born every 53 minutes, many acquiring it in later life) still searching for hope (96 out of every 100 C.P.'s not getting treatment or education), Mrs. Killilea turned her efforts toward the formation of a New York state C.P. association. She then helped with the organization of a nationwide agency, the United Cerebral Palsy Association, Inc. Her book alone should do much toward educating a generally uninformed public that regards C.P.'s with humiliating pity or suspicious scorn and should make parents of normal children stop to recount their blessings.

CARLENE BARTELT

ONE-UPMANSHIP

By Stephen Potter (Holt, $2.75).

AMERICAN Gamesmen and Lifesmen who have been handicapped by the sheer factor of distance from the center of the movement at Yeovil will be happy to know that the people at Yeovil have established a Lifesmanship Correspondence College with an apparently first-rate staff. The present volume is a digest of course-offerings.

The curriculum is nicely balanced between the immediately practical *(e.g.,* MDmanship, Businessmanship, Litmanship) and what might be broadly classified as the esthetic *(e.g.,* Bird Gamesmanship, Troutmanship, Winesmanship, and the Art of Not Rockclimbing). One might feel that a tendency toward over-emphasis of the contemporary is evidenced by the introduction of Hands-Across-the-Seamanship, but probably even such a movement as ours can not altogether ignore the realities of the moment.

At any rate, the entire movement

is indebted to its founder, Stephen Potter, for another tremendous contribution to the art of being one-up in a world in which so many of us seem to be perpetually one-down.

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

By Amy Vanderbilt (Doubleday, $5.00, plain; $5.75, indexed).

SOMEONE once said that books of etiquette were meant for people without breeding. This may have once been true, but, with a decline in breeding and an increase in the complexities of life, it is difficult today to trust one's early training to carry one through the vicissitudes that the modern world offers. In an era in which materialism, secularism, and barbarism are so much in evidence, it is somewhat comforting to find a publisher still concerned to produce a book that will aid a great many people in adjusting themselves to a great many situations in a more or less civilized fashion.

There have been many etiquette books published over the years but probably none have so perceptibly been aware of the changes in our cultural and social patterns as Mrs. Vanderbilt's. Recognizing the trend toward more informality she has accepted the trend and offered a great deal of advice that should, if followed, keep the trend from running to such a state that it borders on vulgarity.

Almost every conceivable situation that could be encountered is covered in some detail, and with what appears to be a great deal of plain sense. She has nine principal categories ranging from the Ceremonies of Life through Dress and Entertaining to Official Etiquette and Traveling at Home and Abroad.

She faces a number of problems that were more or less nonexistent (or non-talked-about) when some of the earlier works in this field were published: the matter of smoking, the matter of drinking and the problem of guests who drink too much, inter-faith courtesies, the new citizen, houses without servants, checking accounts, baby-sitters, adoptions, divorce and separation.

This book was written with a real appreciation for the fact that the older social classes as we once knew them have pretty much passed on. That in the rise of the general cultural levels almost everyone today is in the social classes. That in this newfound position it is difficult at times for both men and women to know what to do and what to say and what to wear in order to give to their lives a patina, if you will, but a patina that averts and avoids the crudities and rawness of life that are so often breeding grounds of intolerance and vulgarity. (Well-recommended for a new bride or a young girl just entering into the period of life when amenities become important.)

HOPALONG-FREUD RIDES AGAIN

By Ira Wallach (Schuman, $2.50).

MOST of what ought to be said about this book has already been said under the heading, "The Perils of Wit," in this month's Notes

and Comment. Wallach is a magnificent parodist and he is one of the funniest men alive. Unfortunately, as in the present volume, these gifts can produce both a rollocking take-off on Sartre ("All Flies Wear Red Gloves") or a downright offensive parody on Erskine Caldwell ("God's Little Best Seller"). And Wallach apparently does not realize how easy it is to pass from parody into blasphemy. The lampooning of Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* doesn't hit Buckley half as hard as it hits the Christian religion.

We don't like to be prudish about these things, especially when the book is really a very funny one, but Mr. Wallach, this time, simply went out of bounds. And that is a shame because he doesn't have to be either dirty or blasphemous to be one of the top humorists of our time.

NOTE

THE CRESSET does not ordinarily review books published for children. On occasion, books of this sort come to the notice of the Editors. The readers' attention is directed to the following three books for consideration as Christmas presents for children. They are particularly suitable because they are about Christ. *The Birthday of Little Jesus,* by Sterling North (Grosset & Dunlap, $2.50), is an especially beautiful re-telling of the Christmas story. Illustrated in two colors by Valenti Angelo. *Little Boy Down the Lane,* by Grace Noll Crowell, and *The Christmas Promise,* by *Ingeborg Stolee* (both published by Augsburg, $1.00 each), would make excellent presents for smaller children who are beginning to read.

LITERARY EDITOR

"Cradle of American Liberty!" it is a great name; but there is something in it which saddens my heart. You should not say "American liberty." You should say "liberty in America." Liberty should not be either American or European—it should be just "liberty." God is God. He is neither America's God nor Europe's God. He is God. So shall liberty be.

LOUIS KOSSUTH

The READING ROOM

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Memories of 1952

THE political campaign of 1952 will live for a long time in the halls of my memories. I am almost certain that I'll be telling my grandchildren about the big election back in those days when I was a young punk parading around the Valparaiso University campus as a college professor. My brow-beaten friends will recall. Why, I can see that long-legged managing editor of ours now, stretching out his tired old feet in a small cottage somewhere in the hills of comfortable southern Indiana. I can hear him at the beginning of a long evening of discussion between us two "has-been's" and "never-wases": "Say, Vic, you remember Ike running against Adlai, don't you now?" I can hear myself answering between wheezes in typically longer sentences. "Yes, John, these young guys should have lived when politics was really politics. Those were the days of great statesmen—Eisenhower, Stevenson, Truman, F. D. R., Vandenberg, and Taft. We just don't have those great minds today." And one David will say to another David: "Say, your father sure talks a lot. But then, I guess we'll be old some day too."

I am certain of all these memories because this was the first time I'd really gotten involved. Up to this time, I had been a book politician, a spectator who had pursued the idle enjoyments of a political game that somehow or other was never quite as significant as it should have been. This time I felt that the destiny of the world was more involved and that I was really going to have something to say about the decisions. Laugh if you wish—but that's better than not giving a hoot. The fellows that I run around with seemed also to have taken an unusual amount of interest in the Ike-Adlai struggle. For heaven's sake—they forgot to talk about their kids, their cars, football games, *The New Yorker,* and their houses. Even some of our students forgot to get lost in the sports sections and the comic pages. Occa-

sionally professors caught them taking sly and quick looks at the editorials.

It was wonderful but I keep worrying and wondering. How much interest will there be in the great political decisions after the basketball season starts? That's one game they play for keeps in these parts. On the other hand, Americans seem to have at most a spasmodic interest in politics. Nevertheless—if only for a few moments—"this refinement of the struggle for political control, this transition from bullets to ballots, is perhaps the greatest contribution of modern times to the progress of civilization." (Burns and Peltason, *Government by the People.)*

The Cheapest Display of 1952

I WOULD like to bestow the crocheted Fountain Pen No. 1 upon Senator Nixon of California for the cheapest display of 1952. This man had become involved in a neat problem of political ethics. His political career had hung in the balance. According to the published facts, he and almost twenty thousand dollars were involved. I expected Nixon to have a streak of cheapness in him since it is part and parcel of every human I know. But it is quite another thing to advertise cheapness over the air. Most common-sensible men stop short of that. Richard Nixon did not act like a man in a political Gethsemane during his TV explanation to the nation.

Before the telecast I was riding along with Nixon because I personally felt that others were indulging in the same financial pleasures. In fact, I have every reason to believe that certain Congressmen and Senators in the Middle West had set precedent for Nixon. (You have to be a pretty smooth operator to get evidence and documentation.) I know that most politicians have a hard time of it financially to maintain political contacts and obligations to constituents and supporters. In that mood I was willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. I was willing to go along with the first fifteen minutes of the broadcast.

But then—shades of John's other wife and good old Ma Perkins—the ham began to show (and the Pharisee) and Richard faced life. He became a tearjerker and a very unreal personality. That thousands of letters were sent to national headquarters in his defense only proves that there are thousands of soap opera lovers in the United States. A gentleman would not have cheapened his wife to win votes and sympathy. I can understand that he would have appreciated the presence of his wife. But her comforting presence would have been just as comforting and present outside of the

range of television cameras. He virtually made a silent end-man out of Pat. This was the work of a very conceited and self-centered man. If I had tried anything like that, my wife would have made me physically ineligible for further varsity duty. It has been a distasteful business.

A gentleman would not have tried to excuse himself by saying that others had been doing it. This has nothing to do with it. My crime—your crime—must stand alone regardless of what others are doing. A truly repentant man would not have said much about it to anyone. He and his crime would have crawled off into the corner somewhere. A truly repentant man would probably not have appeared on television at all. Only the most adolescent adolescent would have said that he would like to keep the dog someone had sent him. The most revolting part of Nixon's playacting was the end, that plea with clenched fists as if he were the distraught young man reaching out for the troubles of humanity. I maintain—call it intuition, a hunch, or an opinion—the whole affair was contrived.

When he had finally faded from the screen, I began to feel that here's really "a Holy Joe that's been talking pretty big—now let him put up some facts." (Quote from Stephen Mitchell, Democratic national chairman, in *The Chicago Daily Tribune,* September 21, 1952.) This display came with particularly bad grace from a man who claimed to be fighting a crusade against corruption. Many thoroughly Eisenhower papers were slightly irked; as, for example, *The Chicago Daily News* (September 22, 1952). The man protested too much methinks. A close competitor for Fountain Pen No. 1 would be Harry S. Truman. Meanwhile I'm going up to see the chaplain.

Bureaucracy

SEVERAL months ago a number of Republican Senators and Congressmen moved into Indiana for several days of speechmaking in defense of "Wild Bill" Jenner who was fighting for his political life due to a bad case of isolationism. Our little town—Republican, that is—had the opportunity of hearing our own little Charlie Halleck who, true to form, didn't say much about Jenner and foreigner Bridges of New Hampshire who appeared embarrassed at the mere mention of Jenner. Time and time again, however, these two showed no reluctance to talk about Truman bureaucracy and corruption. According to these spellbinders, the election of Adlai Stevenson would mean a bureaucrat in every closet and red tape in every sewing kit. Without a

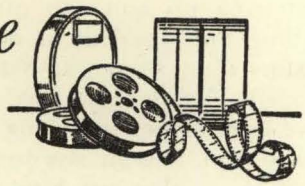
doubt, there is much to be said about the horrors of bureaucrats and the evils brought on or permitted by the Democrats. My point is not to deny an obvious fact.

My purpose is to point out that Bridges and Halleck are simply lids calling the pot black. "Congress with its 435 Representatives and 96 Senators is a hydra of conflicting interests and wills which reflect both the diversity of our country and the bewildering variations of the human animal." (Bailey and Samuel, *Congress at Work.*) This is just a nice way of saying that Congressmen and Senators are as big bureaucrats as any. Truman and his "cronies" might become minor characters in comparison. Most of the laws are not made by the two Houses but by minority committees in smoke-filled rooms. Eighty per cent of the work of Congress is non-legislative. An increasing amount of legislative time is spent for investigating, alleviating the appetites of the omnipresent pressure groups, buttering up constituents, and calling the president or administrators dirty names. It is a malicious half-truth to say that executive bureaucracy is driving America to ruin. It is an oversimplification to say that any kind of bureaucracy is driving us to ruin.

Digging Grubs With Tusks

IT IS commonplace to say that congress is overworked. But so can an elephant be overworked if it spends its powerful energies picking up toothpicks with its trunk and digging grubs out of the earth with its tusks. . . . Professor Schattschneider has said that spending Congressional time on certain classifications is a little like using a cyclotron to warm a cup of coffee." (Bailey and Samuel, *Congress at Work.*)

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

The  *Motion Picture*

By ANNE HANSEN

A NEW dimension has been added to the motion-picture screen.

On October 1, 1952, at the Broadway Theatre in New York City, a startled audience witnessed the *première* showing of *This Is Cinerama,* a revolutionary three-dimensional film made by Cinerama Productions Corporation. Press and radio carried graphic accounts of spectator reaction to this amazing new method of film projection. But in spite of the excitement and the enthusiasm which swept through the Broadway Theatre, audience reaction was more restrained than it was on that memorable night in April, 1896, when the first Vitascope releases were exhibited at Koster and Biol's Music Hall in New York City.

After all, the movies are "old stuff" in 1952. No one ran fainting or screaming from the theater. Nor were there instances of burst corset strings or threats of panic as there had been on that historic occasion in 1896, which is generally accepted as the birthdate of the motion-picture industry. Nevertheless, critics and cash customers were held spellbound by the thrilling action on the Cinerama screen and were loud in their praise of the spectacular presentation.

This Is Cinerama presents a series of episodes that are breathtaking in scope, color, illusion, and fidelity. Although the film is showing at increased admission rates and on a strict reservation basis, performances have been sold out for weeks in advance.

No one will underestimate the importance of Cinerama. Louis B. Mayer, a veteran producer, stoutly affirms, "I think it means new life for pictures. It'll do for the industry what sound did for silent pictures." Viewers who are inclined to be more conservative point out that, for the present, at least, the size and the sweep of Cinerama restricts its use to the sensational and the spectacular. These critics

believe that Cinerama cannot effectively achieve the subtlety, the intimacy, and the mobility which form the basic pattern of the story-telling technique employed in making feature films.

Merian C. Cooper, general manager in charge of productions for Cinerama Corporation, and Director John Ford believe otherwise. Mr. Ford—one of the ablest directors of our day—assures critics that he "sees no problem in Cinerama" and that he is "ready to make the most dramatic picture you ever saw." He and many others believe that the new medium eventually will replace flat-screen films.

All this does not mean that everyone will be able to see Cinerama productions in the near future. Theaters must first be equipped for Cinerama, much as they had to be converted for sound in the late 1920s. This will take time and will involve large expenditures. Cinerama achieves its effect by photographing its subjects with a three-lens camera, each lens being focused from a different angle. The completed film must be projected on a wide concave screen—six times the size of the usual flat screen—by three separate projectors.

Cinerama is augmented by a multiple sound system. Five loudspeakers are placed around the curved screen, and additional speakers must be installed in other parts of the theater.

Cinerama is an outgrowth of the war. Fred Waller, the inventor of the new process, explains how the idea came to him. He says:

> During the last war I was doing some work on devices for the armed services—devices that would simulate accurately the visual and auditory experiences of a man in battle. Cinerama really comes from a device to make gunners feel like they were actually in combat.

Sir Walter Scott's famous *Waverly Novels* have delighted millions of readers in many lands The most popular of these classic tales has just been brought to the screen for the third time. *Ivanhoe* (M-G-M, Richard Thorpe) portrays in magnificent technicolor the pomp and the pageantry of twelfth-century English living. This was the age of the parfit knight, the gentle lady, and the lilting troubadour. This was the time of Richard the Lionhearted and the great but ill-starred Crusades to free the Holy Land from the hand of the despised Infidel.

The film *Ivanhoe* re-creates, with moderate success, these aspects of a troubled period. But by and large this is only a superficial treatment of Scott's fine novel. The story has been changed and condensed; the author's indictment of prejudice and intoler-

ance is brought out only occasionally. The action on the screen never takes on the magical quality which would lift it out of the realm of obvious make-believe. Acting honors must go, not to the Hollywood stars—Robert Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and Elizabeth Taylor—but to the talented English character actors who appear in supporting roles.

Mario Lanza has been in the news repeatedly in recent months. His erratic behavior has been attributed to temperament, to excessive dieting, and to the need for psychiatric treatment. Whatever the cause, the career of the young tenor seems to have hit a snag. *Because You're Mine* (M-G-M, Alexander Hall) will do little to bolster Lanza's waning prestige. The magnificent voice is unimpaired, but there has been no growth in artistic stature—either as a singer or as an actor. *Because You're Mine* is fashioned around a ridiculous plot. This *isn't* the Army, Mr. Jones! Doretta Morrow, recruited from Broadway musical comedy, is charming in spite of restrictions imposed by an anemic role. Yes, *Because You're Mine* may be good box office. After all, this is as close as many movie-goers ever get to Brahms, Verdi, and Mascagni. Besides, the gal sitting next to me assured me that she "just adores Lanza's big brown eyes."

Betty Hutton romps through *Somebody Loves Me* (Paramount) with customary gusto. This slight but tuneful musical extravaganza is based on the life story of Blossom Seely and Benny Fields, a well-known vaudeville team of another day.

Gene Kelly engages in a thrill-packed cops-and-robbers game in *The Devil Makes Three* (M-G-M). This is the story of an American flier who returns to postwar Munich to thank the anti-Nazi German family that had helped him to escape from a Nazi prison camp. He finds desolation, despair, and, beneath the surface, a strong movement to bring to power a new *Führer*—a *Führer* cast in the likeness of Hitler. Filmed in Germany and the Austrian Alps, *The Devil Makes Three* is noteworthy only because of its superb photography. The plot is trite. But some of the acting is excellent—notably that of Claus Clausen in the role of the would-be *Führer.*

The subject of Korea must be a painful one to every adult American. For two and one-half years American men and the fighting men of other nations have been engaged in a grim, unresolved struggle for the possession of the bleak Korean terrain. *One Minute to Zero* (RKO-Radio) contains searing combat sequences—filmed in action by the U. S. Signal Corps. In every other respect this is a

routine picture, obviously designed to cash in on current news headlines.

The Quiet Man (Republic, John Ford) and *Big Jim McClain* (Warners) both serve as starring vehicles for John Wayne. The first is set against the beautiful Irish countryside, the latter against the lush tropic beauty of Hawaii. Both films are melodramas; both feature the rough-and-tumble fisticuffs that crop up in every picture in which Mr. Wayne appears. In *The Quiet Man* our hero seeks peace and forgetfulness; in *Big Jim McClain* he is hot on the trail of Communist agents. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice." In either case you will see a run-of-the-mill offering.

Although *The Big Sky* (RKO-Radio, Howard Hawks) presents a shallow adaptation of A. B. Guthrie's epic saga of the west, the film is well worth seeing if only for the magnificent photography and because it does capture something of the stark realism of the novel. Kirk Douglas heads a fine cast. Dewey Martin, a promising young newcomer, achieves an excellent performance. Howard Hawks' direction is superb. But the real star of the film is the awe-inspiring beauty of Grand Teton National Park.

To me the idea that sparks *Sally and Saint Anne* (Universal-International) is most distasteful. Cheap bargain-counter tactics have no place in the Christian practice of prayer.

The meat and substance of Victor Hugo's moving story of Jean Valjean are lacking in the new screen version of *Les Miserables,* released by 20th Century Fox. There are exciting sequences, it is true; but by and large this is nothing more than a colorful period piece.

Two old friends are back. *Francis Goes to West Point* (Universal-International) continues the adventures of the talking mule Francis. *Bonzo Goes to College* (Universal-International) seems to prove that even a clever chimpanzee can be a good quarterback.

Verse

Singing Soft Sometimes—II

I

Bethlehem was bright
when Christ's light
led worlds to His manger

still washing its way whitely
it knows no danger
and Bethlehem knows no night

II

see
far under heaven's breast
nests the star
dropping wild whiteness
on Jesus' manger

tonight is no stranger
to Bethlehem

III

from far afar
intense silence
umbrellas noisy whisperings

feel bells clinging
as angels sing

one star is brightest of all
one letting light fall
quicker
more thickly

IV

one glitter
squints through thick skies
spread over our thimble planet

Jesus' face reflects this star
flushing boldly today
on thimble faiths

V

bright paper points
cut sharply through snow
exploding into one brilliant taper
over slow roads

warm your hearts
and bring faith nearer fires
of the birthday choirs
His heaven imparts

VI

under year's burnt edges
faces seek the awe
that shone on Jesus' straw
from sky ledges

Christ glows
through winter snow
on many pointed pines

VII

is it a miracle
pines tangle skies
always bright with Jesus

is it a wonder
to see His shining
over them tonight

VIII

many sleeps slept soundly
since God lit His smile
for wise men and shepherds

it shines a while today
speaking of Jesus
who keeps all Love warm
in heaven's tallness.

ROBERT EPP